

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

OCTOBER 22, 1956

a Time Inc. weekly publication

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**FOOTBALL
4th WEEK**



**MARYLAND DUCK HUNTER
DR. JOHN CHAMBERS**

PREVIEW

THE WATERFOWL SEASON
WITH IN-FLIGHT REPORTS FROM THE FLYWAYS



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COVER: MARYLAND DUCK HUNTER
Photograph by Walter Bennett

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One of a small but brave band of wildfowlers called body-booters because of the coverall boots they wear, Dr. John Chambers of Baltimore, Md., stands amply deep in the icy waters of Chesapeake Bay, hopefully waiting for ducks to show up. A report on the waterfowl season is on page 40.

FOOTBALL'S FOURTH WEEK: THE OKLAHOMA POWERHOUSE

Not a man on the incredible Sooners has tasted defeat, and this just may be the best college football team ever. Here is a report on how they walloped Texas and what happened to Army up in Michigan

SPECTACLE: MIAMI TURNS NIGHT INTO DAY

Four pages of photographs IN COLOR by JERRY COOPER with an account of Miami's victory over Maryland

AN SI SPECIAL: SAROYAN AND THE SERIES

The distinguished American novelist and playwright joins ROBERT CREAMER and ROBERT RICKER in presenting a unique account in words and sketches of the ultimate baseball drama which is now history

PREVIEW: THE WATERFOWL SEASON

The birds are coming in the flyways, and here is the latest on where to get them and how. REGINALD WELLS supplies the information, plus an exclusive gallery of duck decoys from the Joel Barber collection

FOOTBALL AROUND THE COUNTRY

A weekly coast-to-coast roundup of college and pro, plus HERMAN HACKMAN'S HUNCHES

NASHUA, LAUGHING MILLIONAIRE, POSES FOR HIS PICTURE

A happy, candid portrait of the retiring champion and his groom IN COLOR

THE VANDERBILT STORY: PART III: A CLOUDED VICTORY

Continuing the career of America's sportsman emeritus, GEORGE PLUMPTON recalls T.O.M. Soporth's challenge for the America's Cup in 1883, the "protest race" and the subsequent revision of the racing rules

THE DEPARTMENTS

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NEXT WEEK: FOOTBALL'S FIFTH WEEK

As they near the season's mid-point, the gridiron giants move into some revealing sectional battles. The big question: can any team stop unbeaten Oklahoma? The oft-beaten Irish of Notre Dame aim to try. Herewith scouting reports on one of the year's epic contests



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JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Question:

What made you realize that you are not as young as you used to be? (Asked at the Touchdown Club, Washington, D.C.)



WAYNE MILLNER

*All-American end
Notre Dame, 1935*



Here I am—a Yankee in Texas trying to teach the kids how to play end and score passes. As soon as I arrived they gave me a cowboy suit, but I had to buy my own boots. With that outfit I just had to learn to ride a horse. You know, I can't do it. I'm sure I could years ago.

ARCH McDONALD

*Sportscaster
Washington Redskins*



In 1939 I was broadcasting for the N.Y. Yankee baseball team. It was I who gave Joe DiMaggio his nickname, The Yankee Clipper. Now, every time I meet an old-timer who tells me that he remembers the time I gave Joe his nickname, I know that I'm not as young as I used to be.

JOHN STEER

*Co-captain, All-
America, Georgia
Tech, 1949*



I was coaching a service team in 1962. One of my starting guards was injured, so I took his place at the start of the game and the first half without any trouble at all. But, at the start of the second half, I just couldn't get off the bench. That was it.

SAMMY BAUGH

*Greatest pro passer
of all time, 1934-1952*



During my 16 years with the Washington Redskins I weighed 178 pounds. I weigh 178 now. I think I'm in as good shape as ever. Recently, I looked at a picture of George Marshall and me together. Not a line in either of our faces. But then I took a look in the mirror.

JIM CASTIGLIA

*Fullback, Philadelphia
Eagles, 1951-58*



I have eight kids, seven girls and a boy. The youngest one is a girl, age 3. You should see her catch a forward pass with one of those miniature footballs. I don't feel older consciously, but when I play football and baseball with these eight kids they really run me ragged.

JOHN R. O'BRIEN

*Touchdown Club
Lantern chairman*



At the University of Buffalo I could run 100 yards in a football suit in 10 seconds flat. The other day my 12-year-old boy put over something I didn't like. I tried to catch him, but he was off like a flash. I didn't have a chance and finally stopped, puffing like an old walrus.

ANGUS LAMOND

Giard, 1930-35
St. Johns (Md.)

Football used to be a lot of fun when I was in college. So I tried to prolong my football life as long as possible and played three years with the Washington Presidents. In the third year, for no reason at all, football didn't seem as much fun as it used to be. I was older.

AL DENAO

Carter, Duquesne
University, 1932-37

I played several years with the Washington Redskins. One day a skinny kid named Eddie LeBaron joined the squad. He weighed a bare 170. He made me feel old enough to be his father, and I also felt sorry for him. But my sympathy was wasted. Eddie can take care of himself.

AL LUJACK

End, Georgetown
University, 1938-1942

I have six children, all daughters. Naturally I'd like to have a son play at Georgetown, just as my brother Johnny would like to have a boy at Notre Dame. But the other day I looked at my eldest daughter, age 11, and realized that time is fleeting. No, I am not as young as I used to be.

ALPHONSE (TUFFY) LEEMANS

Holbrook, N. Y. Gosh
President, Touchdown
Club

I'm coaching the John Carroll High School football team in Washington. Those kids weren't born when I was playing. I try to show them something, and they do it better than I can. That's why we might win the championship this year. But it sure makes me feel like a has-been.

continued on next page

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HOTBOX

continued from page 5

E. W. (BILL) LEDBETTER



*Allergic Director
Hurdles-Somnolent U.*

I do a little ranching on the side and employ two cowboys, one on each of my two ranches. I work with both of them and could always show them how to do anything around the ranch. This past summer I tried to break in a horse. It used to be easy. This time I was glad to quit.

ARTHUR (DUTCH) BERGMAN



*Notre Dame back,
1915-1919, Founder
Toss down Club*

When I was a backfield coach under Doc Spears at Minnesota, he tried Bronko Nagurski at tackle one year. I was in pretty good condition at the time. During spring practice, Doc put me in the scrub backfield. I asked Nagurski to let me gain a bit through him, so I'd look good. "O.K., inside," he said grudgingly, "but not outside." Knowing that he was looking for me to go inside, I thought I'd cross him up and really look good by going outside. In my undergraduate days at Notre Dame it would have been easy, but this time I came to on a stretcher.

NEXT WEEK:

*Is an athletic background an asset
for a political candidate? (Asked
at the conference of governors in
Atlantic City, N.J.)*

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



PLANs FOR SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's first Silver Anniversary All-America, announced in our October 8 issue, are moving forward rapidly. Among them is this design for the silver goal posts to be awarded to the men finally chosen for distinguished accomplishment in their careers and their communities since they won their football letters as college seniors 25 years ago.

The idea for the Silver Anniversary All-America came to Herman Hickman this summer as he began to consider seriously the meaning and the future of football in America while preparing his articles on *The College Football Crisis* (81, Aug. 6 and 13). "Perhaps I thought of it," he wrote in a note to Managing Editor Sidney L. James, "because this fall marks the Silver Anniversary of my last year of football in college and I got to thinking of the 1931 seniors all over the country who have made good in business, the medical profession, the legal profession and the ministry, the field of education and the armed forces."

Colleges have responded enthusiastically to requests for nominations and already almost 100 have sent them in, including institutions closely tied to the history and traditions of the game, like Harvard and Yale, Army and Notre Dame, and universities geographically as far apart as Maine and U.C.L.A.

A board of 25 outstanding citizens, with Herman Hickman as chairman, will make the final selections. Those who have already accepted include Gale Aydelott, president of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad; Paul Clark, president of John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.; Meyer Kestnbaum, president of Hart Schaffner & Marx and special aide to President Eisenhower; Samuel F. B. Morse, president of Del Monte Properties Co.; Joseph P. Spang Jr., chairman of the board of The Gillette Co.; and Reese Taylor, president of Union Oil Co. of California.

The readiness of such men to serve and of colleges to participate is, I think, the best endorsement of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's purpose in establishing the annual awards. As Managing Editor James has defined the purpose, "We believe that the Silver Anniversary All-America will do much to emphasize the pursuit of the rounded human values in which athletics and education are joined."

Harry Phillips

COMING EVENTS

October 19 through October 28

● TV ★ COLOR TV ● NETWORK RADIO

ALL TIMES E.D.T. EXCEPT WHERE
OTHERWISE NOTED

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19

Boxing

- Ivory Gamboa vs. Gil Turner, middleweights (10 p.m.), Madison Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC).

Football

- Miami vs. Georgia, Miami (TV).

Horse Racing

- The Sprinter, \$50,000, 3- to 5-yr.-old fillies and mares, 1 1/4 m., Keeneland, Lexington, Ky.

Horse Show

- Pennsylvania National, Harrisburg, Pa. (through Oct. 27)

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20

Boxing

- APBA National Inboard championships, Salt Lake City, Calif. (also Oct. 21).

Football

- (Leading college games)

EAST

- Alford vs. Ithaca, Alfred, N.Y.
- Amherst vs. Coast Guard, Amherst, Mass.
- Boston U. vs. Villanova, Boston
- Bowdoin vs. Williams, Brunswick, Me.
- Bucknell vs. Lafayette, Lewisburg, Pa.
- Columbia vs. Harvard, New York
- Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, Hanover, N.H. (CBS*)
- Lehigh vs. Virginia, Bethlehem, Pa.
- Navy vs. Cincinnati, Annapolis, Md.
- New Hampshire vs. Delaware, Durham, N.H.
- Pennsylvania vs. Brown, Philadelphia
- Princeton vs. Colgate, Princeton, N.J.
- Rutgers vs. Boston College, New Brunswick, N.J.
- Syracuse vs. Army, Syracuse, N.Y., 1:45 p.m. (NBC) Men to watch: Syracuse's Brown (64) and Army's Ryazky (42)
- Wesleyan vs. Worcester Tech, Middletown, Conn.
- Yale vs. Cornell, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

- Duke vs. Pittsburgh, Norfolk, Va.
- Florida St. vs. Wake Forest, Tallahassee, Fla.
- Georgia Tech vs. Auburn, Atlanta
- Kentucky vs. LSU, Lexington, Ky.
- North Carolina vs. Maryland, Chapel Hill, N.C. (CBS*)
- Rice vs. SMU, Houston
- Tennessee vs. Alabama, Knoxville, Tenn.
- Texas vs. Arkansas, Austin, Texas
- Texas A&M vs. TCU, College Station, Texas, 3:30 p.m. (ABC)
- Vanderbilt vs. Florida, Nashville
- William and Mary vs. W. Virginia, Williamsburg, Va.

WEST

- Detroit vs. Tulsa, Detroit
- Iowa vs. Hawaii, Iowa City
- Iowa St. vs. Colorado, Ames, Iowa
- Kansas vs. Oklahoma, Lawrence, Kans.
- Kansas State vs. Missouri, Manhattan, Kans.
- Michigan vs. Northwestern, Ann Arbor, Mich.
- Minnesota vs. Illinois, Minneapolis
- Nebraska vs. Indiana, Lincoln, Neb.
- Notre Dame vs. Michigan State, South Bend, Ind. (NBC-TV, Mutual-radio) Men to watch: Notre Dame's Holmes (5) and Michigan State's Peaks (26)

continued on next page

How to avoid "chimpanzee hair"



New greaseless way to keep your hair neat all day

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COMING EVENTS

- Ohio State vs. Penn State, Columbus, Ohio.
Oklahoma A&M vs. Houston, Stillwater, Okla.
• Wisconsin vs. Purdue, Madison, Wis. (CBS*)
- FAR WEST**
California vs. UCLA, Berkeley, Calif.
Oregon vs. Stanford, Eugene, Ore.
• Southern California vs. Washington, Los Angeles, 1:45 p.m. (NBC) Men to watch: Southern California's Arnett (26) and Washington's Green (41).
Washington State vs. Oregon State, Pullman, Wash.
- Horse Racing**
The Gardenia, \$50,000, 2-yr.-old fillies, 1:16 m., Garden State Pk., N.J.
Golden Gate Futurity, \$50,000, 2-yr.-olds, 3 m., Golden Gate Fields, Calif.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31

- Auto Racing**
SCCA Rally, Salt Lake City, Utah.
SCCA Speed Meet, South Bend, Ind.
NASCAR Grand National championship, Atlantic Rural Fairgrounds, Richmond, Va.
- Football**
Professional (CBS*)
• Chicago Bears vs. Baltimore, Chicago.
• Detroit vs. San Francisco, Detroit (Mutual-radio).
• Green Bay vs. Los Angeles, Milwaukee.
• New York vs. Pittsburgh, New York.
Philadelphia vs. Chicago Cards, Philadelphia.
• Washington vs. Cleveland, Washington.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 22

- Boxing**
• Frankie Rytt vs. Frank Ippolito, lightweight (10 ads.), St. Nick's, New York, 10:30 p.m. (On Men-TV, Mutual-radio).

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24

- Basketball**
Exhibition game, U.S. Olympic team vs. Southern Conference All Stars, Washington, D.C.
- Boxing**
• Johnny Holman vs. Eddie Machen, heavyweight (10 ads.), Portland, Ore., 10 p.m. (ABC)
- Hockey**
New York vs. Montreal, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York
- Horse Racing**
Yankee Handicap, \$50,000, 2-yr.-olds, 1 1/4 m., Suffolk Downs.
Treason Handicap, \$50,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., Garden State Pk., N.J.
Long Island Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 5/8 m., Jamaica, N.Y.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26

- Boxing**
• Yama Bahama vs. Tex Gonzalez, middleweights (10 ads.), Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC).

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27

- Basketball**
U.S. Olympic team vs. Peoria Cats, Peoria, Ill.
(Professional)
New York vs. Boston, New York.
Syracuse vs. Philadelphia, New York.
- Football**
(Leading college games)
EAST
Boston U. vs. Syracuse, Boston.
Brown vs. Rhode Island, Providence.
Colby vs. Bowdoin, Waterville, Me.
Columbia vs. Army, New York.
Cornell vs. Princeton, Ithaca, N.Y.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Harvard vs. Dartmouth, Cambridge, Mass.
 Lafayette vs. Gettysburg, Easton, Pa.
 Lehigh vs. Rutgers, Bethlehem, Pa.
 Maine vs. Bates, Orono, Me.
 Pennsylvania vs. Rinky, Philadelphia.
 Penn State vs. West Virginia, University, Pa., Pa.
 1:30 p.m. (CBS*)
 Pittsburgh vs. Oregon, Pittsburgh.
 Temple vs. Bucknell, Philadelphia.
 Wesleyan vs. Amherst, Middletown, Conn.
 Williams vs. Tufts, Williamstown, Mass.
 Yale vs. Colgate, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

Alabama vs. Mississippi State, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
 Arkansas vs. Mississippi, Little Rock, Ark.
 Baylor vs. Texas A&M, Waco, Texas.
 Duke vs. North Carolina State, Durham, N.C.
 Georgia vs. Kentucky, Athens, Ga., 2 p.m. (CBS*)
 Georgia Tech vs. Tulane, Atlanta.
 LSU vs. Florida, Baton Rouge.
 North Carolina vs. Wake Forest, Chapel Hill, N.C.
 Rice vs. Texas, Houston.
 Tennessee vs. Maryland, Knoxville, Tenn.
 TCU vs. Miami, Fort Worth.
 Virginia Tech vs. Virginia, Roanoke, Va.

WEST

Illinois vs. Michigan State, Champaign, Ill., 1:30 p.m. C.D.T. (CBS, ABC).
 Indiana vs. Northwestern, Bloomington, Ind.
 Michigan vs. Minnesota, Ann Arbor, Mich.
 Missouri vs. Iowa State, Columbia, Mo.
 Notre Dame vs. Oklahoma, South Bend, Ind.
 2:45 p.m. (NBC-TV, Mutual radio).
 Ohio State vs. Wisconsin, Columbus, Ohio.
 Oklahoma A&M vs. Kansas, Stillwater, Okla.
 Purdue vs. Iowa, Lafayette, Ind.
 Tulsa vs. Hardin-Simmons, Tulsa, Okla.

FAR WEST

Arizona vs. Texas Tech, Tucson, Ariz.
 Colorado vs. Nebraska, Boulder, Col.
 Oregon State vs. UCLA, Corvallis, Ore.
 Stanford vs. Southern California, Palo Alto, Calif.
 Utah vs. Idaho, Salt Lake City, Utah.
 Washington vs. California, Seattle, Wash.

Golf

America Cup matches, U.S.-Canada-Mexico, Mexico City, Mexico (also Oct. 28).

Horse Racing

• The Garden State, \$100,000, 2-yr.-olds, 1 1/16 m. Garden State Pk., N.J.
 Preakness Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, fives and males, 1 1/4 m., Jamaica, N.Y.
 Golden Gate Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., Golden Gate Fields, Calif.

Hunt

Norfolk County Hunt Cup, 3 m., Middletown, N.J.

Weight Lifting

Final Olympic weight-lifting tryouts, San Jose, Calif.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28

Auto Racing

NASCAR Grand National championship racing, Martinsville, Va.
 NASCAR Modified and Sportsman racing, Charlotte, N.C.

Football

Professional (CBS*)

• Baltimore vs. Green Bay, Baltimore.
 • Chicago Cardinals vs. Washington, Chicago.
 • Cleveland vs. Pittsburgh, Cleveland.
 • Los Angeles vs. Detroit, Los Angeles.
 • New York vs. Philadelphia, New York.
 • San Francisco vs. Chicago Bears, San Francisco.

*See local listing.

Swagger Smartly ... in a Kings Cross Saxony Topper
a Varsity-Town Style Major
loomed by Cyril Johnson

You'll feel gloriously light-hearted in a Kings Cross Saxony. This easy-weight, fine-spun, imported-wool topcoating is loomed exclusively for Varsity-Town Clothes by Cyril Johnson. High-spirited Glen plaids and bright-with-color cheeks accent the casual air of Big Sweep, Bal collar, Raglan modeling.

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 Ben Hurst, Seattle
 Hobb, Salt Lake City



The H. A. Seinsheimer Co.
 Cincinnati 2, Ohio

GO! GO! GO! GO!



FOOTBALL: FOURTH WEEK

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

THE OVERPOWERING charge of the big red-shirted Oklahoma line ahead of adroit Quarterback Jimmy Harris (15, right) is just one of the reasons why Oklahoma may be the greatest college football team of all time.

Coach Bud Wilkinson's proud, skillful veterans have never lost a game in their entire college careers. Last Saturday, playing against what was in the beginning an adequate, reasonably capable University of Texas

football team, they showed why as they won 45-0.

They showed it in the sudden, lifting charge of a line which moved all of a piece, like a wave breaking evenly along a beach. They showed it in the meticulous, precise play patterns they traced against the faded green background of the Cotton Bowl turf. It was there, too, in the running of a back named Tommy McDonald, who moves with quick, almost dainty

continued on page 14

OKLAHOMA 45

TEXAS 0

**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**

OCTOBER 22, 1956



FOOTBALL: FOURTH WEEK

continued from page 18

steps, picking his way through the shifting dangers of a broken field as if he carried a road map in his mind with the hazards clearly marked. And it was there in the way a linebacker named Jerry Tubbs played; adroitly, intelligently, moving behind the Oklahoma line with the graceful speed of a big hunting cat, so strong that the firm grip of one hand on a shoulder pad was enough for him to upend a Texas ball carrier. The defense—against running or passing—was impeccable.

Texas was not surprised by the Oklahoma strength. For the long week before the game, the coaches had told the Texas players that Oklahoma was, man for man, a better team. But the better team does not inevitably win.

"Figure that if everything goes right for us and the breaks go against them, we have a good chance to upset them," Coach Ed Price told his youngsters. "They have to lose sometime."

To counteract the Oklahoma edge in manpower, Price decided to run almost exclusively from a spread, designed to loosen the Oklahoma defense, provide some running room for Walter Fondren, a small but immensely capable halfback, and shoot four receivers

THE ELEVEN BEST TO DATE

Georgia Tech	Oklahoma
Miami	Southern California
Michigan State	Tennessee
Michigan	Texas A&M
Mississippi	Texas Christian
Ohio State	

into the Oklahoma secondary for the passes of Quarterbacks Joe Clements and Vince Matthews. On defense, Price used stunts—the line slanting first one way and then the other, hoping to outguess the Oklahoma quarterback often enough to interrupt the momentum of the Sooner attack.

Oklahoma's preparations were typically methodical. Texas had so far shown nothing but a passing attack, a fine halfback in Fondren and a series of flanking arrangements designed to take advantage of these weapons. So pass defense got top priority. ("We hope to keep them from throwing the long gainer," said Wilkinson, "and hope that our interceptions will offset the yardage they are bound to gain.") Special defenses were designed for each flanker pattern, and the defense—to point up the Texas threat—was taught to yell "Fondren left" or "Fondren right" as the Texas offensive patterns took shape.

The Oklahoma offense, long monotonously addicted to the several variations on the split-T theme, has added some single-wing and spread formations this season, and they were polished for this game. The split-T attack is more than adequate, but Wilkinson has put in the fancy touches for two reasons: 1) it gives the opposition more

continued on page 55

SPECTACLE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JERRY COOKE

MIAMI TURNS NIGHT INTO DAY

MIAMI 14 MARYLAND 7

AN UNREASONABLE nor'easter ruffled the mink coats and Bermuda shorts in Miami's Orange Bowl Friday night as Maryland kicked off against the University of Miami. The temperature had dropped to a humid 71° and the 30-knot wind had the ball yawing all over the place, but the crowd was a happy one. It is no secret why the Friday night football pageant at Miami, shown in all its glittering excitement in the following four pages of color photographs, is such a rip-roaring success. Humidity and heat—especially during the early autumn—can be brutal, and the oddly assorted followers of the Miami team shun the bright afternoon sun.

To the Ivy League purists accustomed to plaid blankets and the comforting contents of the Thermos, Miami football would seem both unseasonal and incongruous. The local horseplayers, who have been a mite cramped for action since Kefauver's blight struck the Beach bookies several years ago, are there in force with their parlay cards on the week's games. They move into the Orange Bowl in the cool of evening, decked out in anything from tweeds to Bermuda shorts, while their ladies tag along in all degrees of fashion from halter-shorts combinations to cocktail dresses. First, of course, they eat a pleasant meal at a downtown restaurant. Later, perhaps, a cool drink will be hoisted to another Miami victory. As one put it: "Most people go to football games with a babe and a bottle. Down here, we just go with the babe. Who needs a bottle on a full stomach? All we need is the right side of the point spread."

The Miami bettors did not have the right side of the

point spread Friday night. The home team, a 10-point favorite, beat Maryland only 14-7, but it could have been worse. Young Tommy Mont, the Maryland coach, seemed almost happy after the game when he told a visitor: "We were lucky. We only lost our regular fullback and right end. . . ."

This, his sixth team at Miami, may be Coach Andy Gustafson's best. The first two units madd enough passing with the jolting runs of Don Bosseler, Johnny Varone, Porky Oliver and associates to keep the defense loose, unlike the 1955 version, which lost to Georgia Tech, TCU and Notre Dame because of unimaginative displays of brute force. Against Maryland there was a pretty piece of business by Sophomore Quarterback Bonnie Yarbrough from the opponent's nine-yard line that illustrates this enlightened new policy. With fourth and one, Bosseler, a 205-pound fullback, came off the bench and hurtled into the Maryland line with his customary violence—but Oliver, the right halfback, had the ball and a first down on the other side of the line.

Maryland did not score until the last minute of the game, exploiting a Miami weakness with a passing attack which marched 80 yards including six pass completions in nine throws through a driving rainstorm. The Miami fans, unaccustomed to such an atmospheric phenomenon, nonetheless stayed to the end. They still prefer the cooling night rain to the bright, hot glare of the sun. —MORRIS McLEMONS

Ceremonial football music is provided by Million Dollar Band of Miami High School, strutting in gaudy uniforms





Huckster sells a cogling, sticky iced

Majorette Janis Wyatt lends her beauty, sparkle to football pageantry

Reflected lights etch shimmering designs on the helmets of Miami players



drink, part of picnic air of the occasion

Beautiful girl cheerleader disciplines uproar, gladdening eyes of spectators





Lights soar like flying saucers around the periphery of Miami's 76,862-seat Orange Bowl as night football game begins

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

**AUTOMATION SUFFERS A SETBACK • CARDBOARD COMPUTER FOR
MATTERS • DON NEWCOMBE AND MAN'S INGRATITUDE • FIGHT NIGHT
AT CBS'S PLAYHOUSE • SERIES WITS • SHADOWS IN WATKINS GLEN**

INTERCEPTION:

AS WAS POINTED OUT a long time ago, he who lives by the sword is very apt to die by the sword. Paul Brown, the scholarly coach of the Cleveland Browns, discovered last Sunday that this is true even in the rousing days of modern science. His electronic version of pro football (SI, Oct. 8) fell afoul of an electronic answer, as the New York Giants tuned in Brown's broadcast to his quarterback and cried appropriate warnings to the Giant defense. Brown finally gave up his sending in disgust and went back to the old-fashioned system of relaying plays to the team via messenger-boy guards, who are not susceptible to interception. Whether this marks a reversal of the worldwide trend to automation or not remains to be seen, but it has certainly set back science as applied to football. However, as always, it may be expected that the scientists will come up with an answer. Indeed, Giant General Manager Ray Walsh was probably right when he said: "If this trend continues, the No. 1 draft choice of the Giants next year will be the valedictorian of MIT."

THE SOUND OF BIDDING

DON NEWCOMBE, the Brooklyn Dodgers' huge, shambling fast-ball pitcher, is a man born with an awful passion, the thirst for greatness. He is not a cunning man or a cautious man; he is, for all his size and outward impassivity, a sensitive and emotional fellow who rages blindly in moments of self-doubt. He went into the 1956 Series a defendant. In his 10 years in organized baseball he has performed

awesome feats: in the last days of the nerve-racking 1951 pennant race he beat the Phillies one night, pitched six innings of winning relief against them the next day. This year he led all big league pitchers with 27 victories. But he had never won a Series game. "Newk," the Dodger fans muttered, "loses the big ones."

The muttering grew to the proportions of accusation after he was knocked out of the box in the second game of the Series at Ebbets Field. The first human who spoke to him after he left the mound—an incautious parking lot attendant near the ball park—jeered at him. The bedeviled giant swung at his tormentor and was charged, amid a wash of publicity, with assault. When he faced the Yankees

again, in the last and deciding game of the Series, he was as cruelly trapped by the tricks of fate and his own pride as a bull beset by the picadors.

Stress and the burning drama of the moment and the babble of the banks of humanity stacked up around him, however, seemed to inspire him. He had control. He had tremendous speed. "I don't think I ever saw Newk have more stuff," said Catcher Roy Campanella after the game was over. Twice, with a man on base, he threw the ball past Mickey Mantle and sent him down swinging on third strikes. He threw as well to the Yankees' amazing Yogi Berra. But Berra, one of the most uncanny hitters in baseball, stroked two home runs on two successive times

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

● 15 Rounds in Chicago

The long-delayed heavyweight championship fight between Archie Moore and Floyd Patterson will be held in Chicago Stadium Nov. 30. Ticket prices will be asked for a \$471,000 gate—with radio and television money added. The IBC will announce terms when contracts are signed this week.

● Dollars from Heaven

The major leagues, looking forward to \$3,500,000 a year in World Series and All-Star Game television contracts, allocated \$300,000 to the ailing minors for their "aid and betterment." The money will come from the majors' reserve fund, will go only to leagues classified AA or lower.

● Guilty and Gone

Nina Ponomareva, Russian discus thrower charged with shoplifting five bats in London, emerged from six weeks' seclusion in Russian Embassy and pleaded not guilty in court. Found guilty on testimony of store detectives, she paid a three guinea fine, caught the *Vysokieskie Medved* for Leningrad.

● Eleven Below

Cary Middlecoff again jolted fellow golfers of the Memphis Country Club. A few weeks ago (SI, Oct. 1) they pronounced his 59 (11 under par) the ultimate low score for the club course. The other day Cary shot another 59 which, but for a putt that was two inches short, would have been 58.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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at bat. Both were pitches that the average batter would have almost certainly ignored. The first was a waste pitch, chin high. The second a fast ball below the knees. On each occasion Newcombe had thrown two strikes before being hit. But once more he was relieved; this time as he walked to the dugout the stands booed him. Newcombe plunged out of sight—and wept.

Nobody said what should have been said, afterward, better than the Yankees' Whitey Ford. "Why? Why should they boo a fellow who did so much for the Dodgers this year? If it hadn't been for Newcombe they wouldn't even have been in the Series. It was awful. They have accused Don of being a choke-up pitcher. That's unfair. He won 27 games and no one could do that and be a choke-up. Even today he pitched well. He was overpowering our guys. It's great we won but I feel sorry for Newcombe. He deserved better treatment from the fans. Those who booed should be ashamed."

And so they should.

AT THE PLATE, IN THE CLUTCH

THE BASEBALL FAN'S estimate of a player may range from a mental note in shorthand ("That bum") to a string of batting averages and RBIs admirably learned by heart. Now and then some deep-dedicated fan goes beyond the newspaper's daily statistics and constructs a rating system of his own, as elaborate as his skill or his fancy can manage.

More than a dozen of these systems have turned up in the offices of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in the past season. The



most entertaining of the lot is one devised by a 29-year-old Milwaukeean named Charles F. Mullen. Mr. Mullen is district manager of a water-softener company. He bats over .300 as second baseman in a suburban softball league, and he yields to no man in loyalty to the Braves. His rating system is not concerned with pitching or fielding or the relative cleverness of managers; it is made solely to evaluate a player at bat in the clutch.

"A single, hit late in a tight game, is worth a lot more than a grand-slam homer when the game is already won,"

says Mullen. By his criterion some players with high batting averages and RBIs contribute very little to victory because they hit when hits are not needed, and don't hit when they are.

Wrestling with National League statistics covering three full seasons, Mullen reduced them to a series of logarithmic graphs and then to a cardboard dial and pointer which sells for a dollar. With these, the fan can set up every situation in which a player can come up to bat: the score, the inning, the number of men on base and the bases they're on, and the number of outs—and do it with just two twirls of the cardboard disks. Then he takes a reading which indicates the seriousness of the situation the batter faces. (In the 10th inning of the sixth Series game, with two out and men on first and second, Jackie Robinson faced a maximum, or 100% serious, situation.)

One step remains: on a second dial the situation-gravity reading is matched against what the player did to meet the situation. The indicator then shows the player's rating as a clutch hitter for that particular trip to the plate. (Robinson singled, driving Gilliam in for the winning run, and so received a handsome 450. If he had struck out, he would have scored minus 220; if there had been only one out and he had hit into a double play, he would have scored minus 500.)

Mullen, as you might expect, rated the performances of the regular players in the World Series, and then worked out their over-all averages. Take Mickey Mantle in the first game. His two-run homer in the first inning earned him 317 points. Next time up he struck out (—118). After that he walked (86), walked again (80) and, finally, with Slaughter on first in the ninth and the Dodgers ahead 6-3, hit into a double play that ended the game (—254).

Added together, these pluses and minuses come out to 101; and this figure divided by five (for Mantle's five appearances at plate) gives 20½ Mullen points as Mickey's average for each trip to the plate in the first game. Carried on and averaged out for all seven games the figures give Mantle a clutch-hit rating of 3.

Hodges was the golden boy in the clutches of that first game. His second-inning single netted him 114, his three-run homer in the third (which gave the Dodgers a 5-2 lead) 613. His day's average was 171. Hodges finished the Series with a 32 rating. The only Dodger who did better was Snider, with 33. The two top Dodgers were topped in turn, however, by Berra and Slaughter

with 54 each—which means (see below) that the big hitters were also the clutch hitters in the 1956 World Series:

YANKEES						
	Mullen				Bat. Avg.	
	Avg.	AB	R	H		
Berra	54	25	5	9	.360	
Slaughter	54	20	6	7	.350	
Mantle	3	24	6	6	.250	
Martin	2	27	5	8	.296	
Callins	1	21	2	5	.238	
Bauer	-8	32	3	9	.281	
McDougald	-11	21	0	3	.143	
Carey	-23	19	2	3	.158	

DODGERS						
	Mullen				Bat. Avg.	
	Avg.	AB	R	H		
Snider	35	23	5	7	.394	
Hodges	32	23	5	7	.394	
Furillo	13	25	2	6	.240	
Robinson	12	24	5	6	.250	
Reese	-2	27	3	6	.222	
Campanella	-3	22	2	4	.182	
Gilliam	-14	24	2	2	.083	
Amoros	-23	19	1	1	.053	

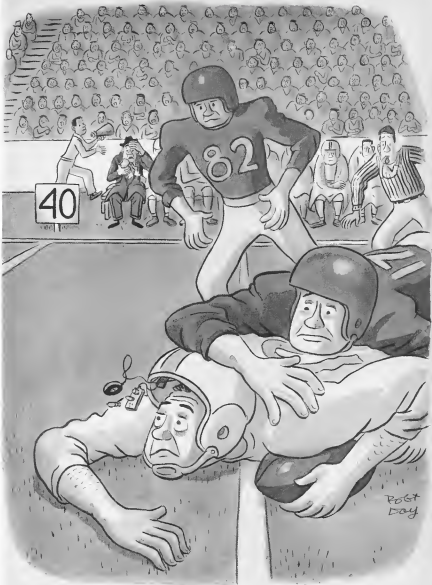
And what did the Mullen system show for the Dodgers in Don Larsen's perfect game? That score sheet is a classic of consistency—nothing but minuses from first to last. It begins with a -36 for Gilliam when, as first man up for the day, he struck out. As the innings go by and the situation worsens, the minus quantities grow larger and larger until Dale Mitchell, pinch-hitting for Maglie, strikes out, ends the game and racks up a minus 119—the top Dodger debit of the day.

FOOTNOTES TO HISTORY

MANY WORDS were spoken during the drama that was the 1956 World Series, and the principals, besieged by reporters, said many more in the seven epilogues. Somehow a week of insulation between the last act and a round of recall gives the best and most telling of those utterances a certain interest as footnotes to history.

Casey Stengel led off and set the tone with this pre-Series profundity: "I expect to win every day, but we may have to play more than four days." To which Walter Alton, the Brooks' quiet bard, replied: "I'm counting on momentum to carry us through. We have the psychological edge." With those pistols hung on the wall, the first act began, and when it was over, Dodger Duke Snider vouchsafed, "The Yankees are no better than either the Braves or the Redlegs." After the 11-8 rout, Casey Stengel first cracked, "We needed another touchdown," then muttered,

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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"My Yanks were never worse." But a ray of Italian happiness was provided by Frank Crosetti who said, "We got beat, but the sun will come up tomorrow morning as usual I guess."

Meanwhile, back at the Stadium, Billy Martin was telling them that the "Dodgers don't make me see blood, but they do make me mad." And Enos Slaughter indignantly denied he took vitamin pills: "What do you think, I'm old or something?" Mickey Mantle, working two shifts, one as ballplayer and one as journalist, held off questioning newsmen by saying, "I can't talk too much, since I'll scoop myself." A day later, with the Series at two-all, Casey observed: "The Series is more even now than it was."

Then there was an omen. A happy Swede predicted, "I'm gonna beat those guys tomorrow, and I'm just liable to pitch a no-hitter doing so." That Don Larsen did. Empathy from Sal Maglie: "Gee, I felt sorry for you in the ninth." The chorus cried: "Perfect . . . unbelievable . . . terrific . . . man! . . . he really had it!"

Now the Dodgers turned to humor. Don Zimmer was looking for bats the day following the no-hitter and could find none. "Hell," he yelled, "what do we use to hit with?" Joe Becker, Dodger coach, hollered back, "Use the same things you did yesterday."

The declining action followed. "When I hit the ball," said Jackie Robinson of his game-winning single, "I was rooting for it to sink." It didn't, but on the next day the Dodgers themselves sank 9-0, and a separate drama involving Don Newcombe (reported elsewhere in this section) developed. Cantankerous Casey, grudgingly happy with victory, said, "Our pitchers finally came through." New York City's Mayor Wagner, a man running for office, said he was "proud of both teams."

THREE-DIMENSIONAL SCRIPT

IN THE 19TH CENTURY, Alice stepped through a looking glass into a world of make-believe. In the 20th, you don't have to step through; you just turn the knob and a flimsy, pale-gray wonderland jumps right at you. On rare occasions, though, the television audience feels itself drawn through its looking glass, past the everyday shoddy, and into the realm of the genuine.

This happened last Thursday night when CBS offered its audience a 90-minute play called *Requiem for a*

Heavyweight. It was a story about a boxer who never quite made it; about the things that 14 years and 111 fights did to his body and his life; and about the dead end of hopelessness and humiliation he reached when the 14 years were over.

Several of the people involved in the making of *Requiem for a Heavyweight* were working from experience. Rod Serling, who wrote the script, and Jack Palance, who played the part of the fighter, are both ex-boxers who used to know a broken nose when they had one. Max Baer and Maxie Rosenbloom were in the cast. Others—Ed Wynn, Keenan Wynn, Kim Hunter—were simply actors of ability and taste.

Scene after scene went straight at the truth: an old doctor, hard-shelled and compassionate, talking as he sewed up a cut; a down-and-out fighter in an employment office, with nothing to put on the application blanks; the wretchedness of a manager squeezed by his own weakness into betraying his fighter; ex-boxers in a tavern, going over and over the treadmill of the past.

As Harlan McClintock, the heavyweight who "was No. 5 in *Ring* magazine in 1948," Jack Palance achieved a genuineness that most actors would hesitate even to try for. Makeup gave his face the pits and scars and shapelessness of a has-been boxer's; but under the makeup lay the actor's skill, and beyond that the playwright's understanding. The result was something that seemed to give television screens what they don't ordinarily have: the color, breadth and three dimensions of life. And television—which must bear heavy responsibility for the ills and aches of boxing—earned itself a credit mark for a constructive gesture. Let's have *Requiem for a Heavyweight* again, and more on the same order.



He has the speed,
He's willing and able
To pace the team
To the training table.

—FRANK O'BRIEN

EXTRA POINT OF NO RETURN

THE HAMILTON (Ont.) Tiger Cats, contemplating the loss of 10 footballs in one game when they sailed over the end zone and into the crowd, lately have revised their extra point procedure: instead of kicking over the goal post toward the stands, they boot from behind the goal post toward midfield.

HOPE FOR THE GLEN

WATKINS GLEN is a hallowed name in U.S. motor racing—the place where the postwar renaissance of American road racing began, the place where aficionados and appleknockers congregate in droves each fall to ogle the shiniest and swiftest sports cars.

Lately, though, the little hamlet in the Finger Lakes region of New York has been catching barbs as well as bouquets. "In view of extremely hazardous conditions at the Watkins Glen course, because racing at this site under present circumstances places all organized motor sport in jeopardy," says the Sports Car Club of America, it is banning to its members all races at the Glen until further notice. The Road Racing Drivers Club has taken the same action.

Several months ago the SCCA refused to sanction the 1956 races because of a disagreement over financial arrangements. The Watkins Glen Grand Prix Corporation laid down a new 2.3-mile macadam course (which was completed only an hour before practice for the September races) and held the race meeting anyway. Eleventh-hour warnings by the SCCA and RRDC, after an uneasy practice period, advising members not to compete had little effect. The new surface was slippery and loose; road shoulders were mushy; spectators were unnecessarily exposed. One holder of a novice license raced, crashed and luckily escaped from his burning vehicle. Windshields and goggles were peppered with stones flung backward by churning wheels.

Granted the course was green in September, says Henry Valent, president of the Watkins Glen Grand Prix Corporation, but 'tain't so now.

"We feel we have a circuit second to none," Valent says. "The course has seasoned down. There are no soft spots and no loose stones. We want no quarrel with the SCCA. We've been talking with them, and I think we'll get together very soon."

Racing enthusiasts with a feeling for racing's traditions were hoping so; the sooner the better.



SE GETS CONGRATULATIONS OF AUNT, MRS. H. V. CROWDER, AFTER GREETING MOTHER (TWEEED SHOULDER, RIGHT)

John G. Ziercher

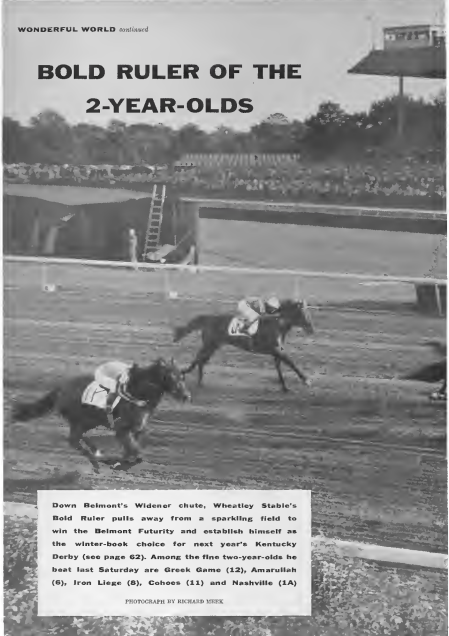
THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

FOOTBALL IS FAMILY

Joint family pride shines across the faces of Oklahoma's Sophomore Center Bob Harrison and his aunt after Bob's solid contributions

to Oklehoma's impressive dispatch of Texas 45-0 last Saturday. Like many a detoothed lineman, Bob removes bridgework for games

BOLD RULER OF THE 2-YEAR-OLDS



Down Belmont's Widener chute, Wheatley Stable's Bold Ruler pulls away from a sparkling field to win the Belmont Futurity and establish himself as the winter-book choice for next year's Kentucky Derby (see page 62). Among the fine two-year-olds he beat last Saturday are Greek Game (12), Amarullah (6), Iron Liege (8), Cohoes (11) and Nashville (1A)

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD MEEK



LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?

Not at all. These members of Omaha's Optimists Club are trying to touch their toes without bending their knees—one of the six Kraus-Weber Physical Fitness Tests. When 42% of Omaha youngsters failed the K-W Tests recently, adults decided they were probably out of condition too. The result: a voluntary, city-wide keep-fit program for all ages

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK CLARK



BABY EYES the photographer warily as backyard barbecue guests of the Rev. Edward Brants in suburban Omaha do their exercises before eating.





'ONE BY ONE

by WILLIAM SAROYAN

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT RIGER



CASEY IN DESPAIR

The way we felt was . . . Let it go anyway it must, but let it be a good drama.

Let it be worthy of its devoted followers.

Let it offer gifts to every person in the multitude of witnesses.

Let it work wonders.

Let it inform, instruct, fulfill, declare, redeem, restore, impel, provide, assure, prove, repudiate, console, designate and establish.

Let it do all things: things other dramas, in other terms, by use of other devices, another order of language, another form of action, other involvements, in other arenas, street or office or store or factory or school or home anywhere else unmeasured and uncharted in terrain and time—let it do the rare things other dramas cannot do.

Let it speak of all things through the event, isolated, alone but related in a hundred potential ways to a thousand potential progressions and to a whole end.

Let it create new heroes and new myths.

Let it move toward and then push past old and wonderful limits.

Let it be a true play, so that the witnesses may be enabled to give if true meaning other experience resists, refuses, rejects, the meaning which must be given (once in a while) to something.

Let it be everybody's play, whether in four acts, five, six or seven.

And so it was—everybody's, true, and seven. Astonishing and seven. Unbelievable and seven. Magnificent and seven. Ridiculous and seven. One by one and seven.

AT THE BEGINNING you stand and listen to the playing and singing of the National Anthem. This is an important part of the game, since the game is always about more things than the elements of the game alone. It is also about the nation itself, land and city and place—the people, and how they live, and think and feel, and hope. Nowhere else does the singing of the anthem seem so right and appropriate.

The umpires and the players stand in the field and listen. This is it. This is the time. This is when we try again and find out.

There is something of the pride and humility of

AND SEVEN'

In a memorable essay the famous playwright and novelist captures the essential emotion of the World Series—"Astonishing and seven. Ridiculous and seven. Magnificent and seven"

prayer in the pause and performance of the hymn. Whoever you are, on this field, in this stadium, the event that is about to begin is both yours alone, to value and measure and use as you will or must, and everybody's, if not in fact nobody's—time's own, history's own. This event is abstract, impersonal and altogether for itself, but as it is engaged in by men from all over the nation, men not unlike anybody else, it is also personal and entirely for you—small boy with hot dog and mustard on sleeve, priest with program and pencil, stenographer with aging father, bartender with small son and need of space and light and air and opportunity to shout, old widow with neighbor's daughter who knows what it's all about, professor of philosophy at Columbia, office worker with much work undone and buzzer ignored, the boys from the corner where the candy store is, the President, the Secretary of State, anybody, everybody. The singing is on behalf of the best of which human nature is capable or may one day be: physical to begin with, of course, since it is an athletic game, but of the spirit, too. A man's a man when he's abroad in the world, but on this field, in this game, he has been known to be more, to achieve instantly things known to be over the edge of his limits everywhere else, which for a fleeting moment carry him into a dimension of immortality. The hush of expectancy under the sky transforms the stadium into a cathedral made out of light and love of right the heroic, the true, the difficult, the very nearly impossible, the wonderful.

After the anthem, you are entitled to watch and shout as you see fit. Now, when 30,000 or more at Ebbets Field watch and shout, it comes to a roar, happy or unhappy—for the achievement of one man is the frustration or failure of another. Some of the roar is for the achievement, some of it against the failure. If you don't take sides, you cheer because anybody has achieved, you groan because anybody has failed. This is a contest, a play, and all of the players together are yourself, and the play is about your life. If you must, you boo. You have a right to do that, however tactless it may be, or in bad taste. The booing can be therapeutic—sometimes to prod a child

continued on next page



CASEY IN TRIUMPH

'ONE BY ONE AND SEVEN'

continued from page 29

to sudden speedy growth at the age of 31. The crowd can be crude, rude, ill-tempered, offensive one minute, courteous and gallant the next, but it is never rude or courteous in relation to a player or a team entirely but in relation to itself, the crowd. And the identity of a crowd varies in accordance with what it witnesses.

APITCHER on the hill at the center of a small circle, a matador's ring, with an even tougher and more terrible opponent than a bull bred to believe in the unstoppable power of its eye and horn and brawn, with no such useful implement as cape or sword, with an even greater enemy—the next man's skill itself, his wit, his cunning, his control but, most dangerous of all, his unaccountable, unpredictable but always possible good luck. A man alone there facing another man alone, a man whose skill and wit and luck he knows and respects and fears but must cancel—now. It cannot be put off until he has had time to think a little more. The pitcher must face all of the hazards of throwing to his man, and then he must rear back and fire. He must deceive the enemy into swinging at something impossible to hit, or into hitting it in a manner that is harmless. Three times a pitcher must trick his man into not hitting in order to have him out of the way, but if he goes too far four times he has only tricked himself, and the batter's on first. Still, he must

take his chance—strike him out, walk him, force him to hit harmlessly, or hear the crack and see the flight of a true hit, and watch, and wait. And start all over again.

As it is with the pitcher, so it is with the batter. The next event may be good, it may be bad. If it's good, it could be the game—the winning of it: a little event among the many that made the difference.

Nobody who saw the fifth game will forget the grand identity of the crowd at Yankee Stadium, nobody will forget the possibly religious anxiety, hopefulness and quietude of that crowd—a crowd created by the unseen but deeply felt presence in the stadium: the presence of the mortal spirit in proud and patient combat with flaw—error, wrong, spiritual pain, perhaps even death.

Something in the crowd took wing when Don Larsen pitched The Perfect Game. He did it. Of all the players, of all the people who might have done it, he did it. Nobody expected him to do it, but he went out there and started to pitch, and then little by little, inning by inning, he began to do it, and the very breathing of the crowd changed. Would he make it, or would somebody?—something?—himself?—anything? stop him cold? End it? Reduce it to just another game to put down on the books alongside of thousands of others?

Would he do it?

He did.

There was no rudeness in the crowd. There was

DON LARSEN'S THIRTEEN GOLDEN PITCHES



BATTER NO. 1 In ninth, Carl Furillo fanned off the first two pitches, took ball one high, then sliced two fouls to right

beyond the dugout. Larsen picked up the rein bag and picked it up again. Furillo shied a fly ball to right field. One out.

BATTER NO. 2, Roy Campanella, swung at the first pitch and hit a long foul high against upper deck in left field. He swung

reverence, respect, admiration, patriotism—for man's life, for his small but sometimes great and immortal soul.

THE SERIES had everything, or very nearly everything. First, it went the distance, and it certainly might not have—but saying that is nonsense. Nothing is swifter than time gone, or more final than fact established.

Sal Maglie pitched and won the first game for the Dodgers. He worked, as he always does, with intense concentration and control. The plate umpire examined the ball frequently for spit and tossed back a new ball, and Maglie pitched the new ball, and the same thing happened again, and he pitched it again and, if he spit, Casey Stengel himself said he couldn't say, and in any case his "fellas" (as he put it) didn't hit. It was a good game. It had form. Mickey Mantle homered early in the game, but it didn't stop Maglie. The form continued, and it was Maglie's. The Dodgers looked good behind him, and were. Jackie Robinson felt good nearby, and Roy Campanella catching, Pee Wee Reese, Jim Gilliam, Gil Hodges, Duke Snider and all the others. He was a kind of shepherd of the hill, so to say. He scowled and worked and didn't blow up when they hit his best stuff, and the players around him had to feel all right, and hit, and win, and they did.

A lot of things might have happened after the first game. A lot did, and there's no more guessing. What happened happened.

When Casey Stengel went out to the pitcher's mound four times during the second game, few were able not to feel that what he had had for so long wasn't working for him any more. Few were able not to feel that he might just lose this one, too, and then two more—and all of his great gains over the years. The Dodgers were hitting everything. They weren't letting him have his kind of game: a game with form. They were giving him a game in which past performances and percentages meant almost nothing. They were playing as if there had never been any such thing as statistics and all that had ever mattered in the game was high spirits, luck, enthusiasm, confidence, laughter, genius—give it any name you like. Who can take a game away from a team like that? What good are traditional tactics if they don't work? What good is knowing what you are doing and why, if nobody else does? Or if they know something better and are doing it, perhaps for new reasons, perhaps better reasons, and everything is a shambles? How can the champions of the American League lose a six-run lead in one inning? What happened? Was it really all the consequences of a bobbled ball at first?

Two for the Dodgers, now, the big two, and two to go out of a possible five. Having started as they had, how could the Dodgers fail to take two more? How could the Yankees possibly take four out of five?

How? The way they did.

Whitey Ford came home to Yankee Stadium and

continued on next page



again at second pitch, hit hard ground ball to Second Baseman Martin who scooped it up and threw him out at first. Two out.

BATTER NO. 3, Dale Mitchell, batted for Maglie, took ball one, strike one, then swung and missed for strike two. Larsen

turned his back, wiped his brow. Mitchell fouled the next pitch, then half swung and took called strike three. Three out.

'ONE BY ONE AND SEVEN'

continued from page 31

pitched his team to their first win on Saturday, but it was still 2-1. And then on Sunday Tom Sturdivant went out there for Casey and did a good job and got into no real trouble until the ninth. Casey went out to the embattled hill to think with his pitcher and catcher, and Yogi Berra told him Tom still had his stuff, so Casey let him stay in there and fight it out. And Tom Sturdivant went the distance and won his game. And so it was tied, 2-2.

Then came the game of the Series, the game of the year, the game of the past 30 or 35 years, the game everybody had been hoping for, not just this year or last, and not just for the Yanks but for any team, for any pitcher; and it was Don Larsen. Three for the Yanks, two for the Dodgers, but by now even their friends were beginning to call them The Bums again. But they

hadn't done anything truly bad so far. Late in The Perfect Game Sandy Amoros had homered foul by a distance of half a foot. Duke Snider, slicing to left field, had sent one a little foul into the stands. The Yanks had done a lot of magnificent fielding behind Larsen. It was still anybody's Series.

You don't begrudge a win that comes out of a Perfect Game. Even Maglie, pitching a great game, hoped in the last innings that Larsen would get it, and why not? There is a larger thing than winning, sometimes. It is sometimes nobler to lose a great achievement than to win against magnificence shattered into smithereens, even by lucky accident. The Perfect Game was won by both pitchers, both teams, by baseball itself, by the nation, but especially by the hushed and reverent crowd at Yankee Stadium. Everybody there was somebody named Don Larsen, and Don Larsen was just a little more than anybody else in the whole world, a little more than any man is permitted very often to be.

Now the play returned to Ebbets Field, Clem Labine for the Dodgers, Bob Turley for the Yanks, and they dueled at 0-0 through nine innings. If anything, the Yanks played better ball than the Dodgers. Turley pitched a game he was entitled to win, but didn't. In the 10th with two on, two outs, Jackie Robinson sent one out to Enos Slaughter who didn't touch it, that's all. Dodgers 1, Yanks 0, the Series tied at 3-3. But nobody should forget Turley's great pitching, without taking the edge off Labine's fine win.

Up to and including the sixth game the Series had enough variety, enough freedom and enough form for two or three Series (on account of The Perfect Game). One thing was lacking to give the Series everything—period: a game in which one team played out-and-out badly, in which it was inept, hypnotized, chloroformed, helpless, apathetic, sick, sorrowful, dead on its feet, tied in knots, twisted, tortured, confounded. And that team was the Dodgers in the seventh, 9-0. Young Johnny Kucks pitched low the whole game, and nobody could beat him. No excuses. No explanation. The Dodgers lost, and the next day took off by airplane for Japan, by way of the Hawaiian Islands.

What happened?

A baseball game happened. It might have happened to the Yankees, as many of sound judgment thought it would, but it happened to the Dodgers. Let the great psychiatrist try to explain how or why. There is art, for instance: great, ordinary and bad. But even bad art, even the worst, is better than no art at all, because the fact that here is such a thing at all is the important thing, and if it is almost always bad, at least now and then, once in a long while it is great, and just a little of the great goes a long way. Forever, you might say. And in this Series there was quite a lot of art.

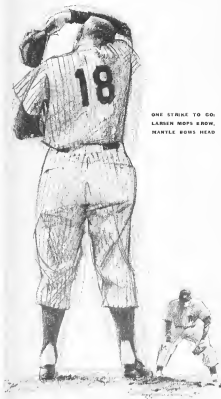
Baseball tells a nation's story. Among the reporters who regularly cover baseball are those who have become writers of style, wit and humor, and it may be that they are turning out the best folk writing of our nation.

May be?

What other folk writing is there?

(END)

ONE STRIKE TO GO:
LARSEN MOPS SWEAT,
BANTLE BOWS HEAD



TURN TO PAGE 32 FOR ROBERT CREANER'S SERIES ANALYSIS AND MORE RIGER DRAWINGS

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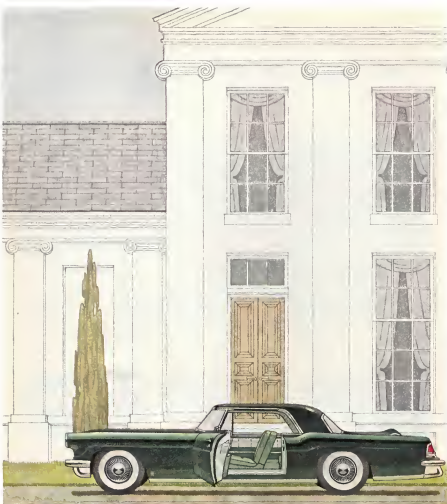


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THE NAME IS YOGI

Not even the unparalleled brilliance of Don Larsen's perfect game could dim the World Series luster of the squat, unbeautiful Berra—ballplayer extraordinary

by ROBERT CREAMER

THE most impressive thing about the World Series was Yogi Berra; there's no getting away from it. Don Larsen was The Hero (there's no getting away from that, either), and Larsen is certainly deserving of all the praise and rewards coming his way, but Berra was incomparably the best player in the Series, the most valuable, the principal reason why the New York Yankees are again the champions of the baseball world.

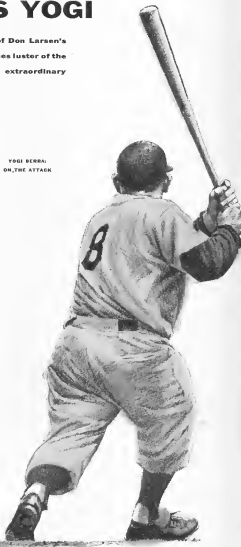
In a way, the furor about Don Newcombe and the implication—or, for that matter, the flat accusation—that he chokes up and is easy to beat in a tight situation is a slur on Berra. For in the second game it was Berra's grand-slam home run that knocked Newcombe out of the box, and in the seventh game it was Berra's successive two-run homers that beat him, and while there is undoubtedly some foundation for the belief that Newcombe is not the best pitcher in the world in a tense game against a good club (though this has more to do with the man's particular skills than with his psyche), it should be remembered that it took the best player in the Series to beat him. In the four times he came to bat against Newcombe, Berra had three home runs and a walk. Of the 11 runs that Newcombe allowed in the Series, Berra batted in eight. Success like that against any pitcher would be remarkable enough; against a man of Newcombe's stature, it borders on the legendary.

After all, in that seventh game Newcombe twice had to pitch to Mickey Mantle, the most devastating hitter of the season, each time with a man on base and one out. Twice Newcombe struck Mantle out. And the second time Berra batted, Newcombe had him struck out, too. But Roy Campanella, ordinarily an impeccable catcher, failed to hold on to that foul-tip third strike and Berra, allowed another chance, hit the homer that destroyed Newcombe and sent him slouching off to the showers beset by gnawing doubt and self-recrimination.

What it boils down to, probably, is simply that Berra is a better baseball player than Newcombe and, indeed, very possibly one of the best baseball players who ever lived. Two years ago Casey Stengel was asked in a survey who he thought was the best natural ballplayer in the American League.

continued on next page

**YOGI BERRA:
ON THE ATTACK**



THE NAME IS YOGI

continued from page 35

Stengel thought the question over carefully, his facile tongue temporarily stilled, and then replied: "Williams is the best natural hitter, but Berra is the best natural ballplayer."

It seemed an odd choice for most "natural"—the chunky, awkward-looking Berra over some graceful athlete like, say, Mantle or Al Kaline, but Stengel is a baseball fan as well as a master practitioner of the art, and he has a deep admiration for the man who "feels" the game, whose instincts

NEW SERIES RECORDS

DON LARSEN—Perfect no-hits, no-run game

YOGI BERRA—Most RBIs, one Series (10)

DURKE SNIDER—Most home runs, NL, total Series (15); most strikeouts, total Series (23)

FEE WEE REESE—Most times on losing club (5)

NEW YORK—Most home runs, one Series (32)

NEW YORK—Most Series won (17)

NEW YORK—Most pitchers, one game (7)

NEW YORK—Most walks given, one game (11)

BROOKLYN—Lowest batting average, seven games (.155)

BROOKLYN—Fewest hits, seven games (42)

and reflexes are perfectly geared to the environment of 98-mph pitches, 200-pound base runners with spikes high, sudden variations in the age-old theme of bat, ball and glove. No one feels baseball better than Yogi Berra, no one relishes the excitement of its competition more, no one reacts more quickly to its constant challenge. He is a masterpiece of a ballplayer and this year's World Series was his showcase.

Others made their mark, too. Perhaps no one was more appealing than old Sal Maglie, who is just as much at home in baseball as Yogi is. His duel with Mickey Mantle in the Series was a fascinating thing to watch: two fine athletes fencing with each other.

In the first inning of the first game, Mantle hit a two-run homer off Maglie to send the Yankees ahead. Maglie's shoulders did not slump, his features did not sag. He struck out two men in a row to end the inning and came

marching off the mound looking as though he were muttering: "Those blank-blanks . . . 2-0. . . Who do they think they are, getting a 2-0 lead on me?" And, actually, in the dugout where the pitcher is usually comforted and consoled by his teammates after giving up two runs, it was Maglie who did the comforting. "Come on," he said, "Two runs are nothing. Let's get them back." And the Dodgers did.

But the duel between Maglie and Mantle went on. The next time Mickey batted, the way Maglie pitched was sort of magnificent. He threw a low curve in close for a called strike, followed with a surprising fast ball close for a second called strike, threw a curve low for ball one, then a fast ball directly at Mantle for ball two. There was a delay then. The umpire examined the ball. A man got up and began to throw in the bullpen. The crowd lit a cigar.

Then Maglie crouched on the mound, the ball held behind his right knee, and peered in at Mantle and Campanella. Mantle readied himself, thinking perhaps of the close curve, the close fast ball. Maglie threw, a lovely curve on the outside that just caught the edge of the plate for called strike three. "He got him!" a man yelled.

And he got him again, in the ninth, with a man on first. Maglie said later it was the best pitch he threw all day and one of the best he ever threw, a good curve low and a little bit to the outside. He knew Mantle wanted to swing, knew that he wanted to pull the ball. There was then, according to the law of Maglie, nowhere else for a low curve outside to go but to Second Baseman Gilliam. Mantle swung and hit a stinging two-bop grounder directly to Gilliam, and it was one of the fastest second-to-short-to-first double plays anyone ever saw. How many times has Mantle, batting left handed, where he has the two-step head start to first, hit into a ground-ball double play? The first game was Maglie's round.

But in the fifth game, that memorable day when millions of onlookers watched with Don Larsen as the clock of outs ticked toward his perfect game, that day Mantle's riposte defeated Maglie. Sal pitched rather well, too, you will remember, retiring the first 11 batters. But with two out in the last of the fourth, the score 0-0, it was

Maglie vs. Mantle, and Maglie lost. His strategy now called for outside pitches (in Ebbets Field a left-handed hitter like Mantle can hit an outside pitch into the left-center-field seats—in Yankee Stadium it's much less likely; in Ebbets Field an inside pitch can be lined hard to right and still end up as nothing more than a single because it can be stopped by the high wall—in Yankee Stadium a line drive to right has only a three-foot fence to clear to become a home run).

Maglie's first pitch was a called strike on the outside corner. The second pitch—delivered to the same outside edge of the plate—was a ball. The third—again in the same place—was a second called strike. The fourth—same place—was fouled off. The fifth—same place—missed for ball two. The



DON NEWCOMBE: IN RETREAT

sixth—same place—was fouled off again, as Mantle skillfully protected the strike zone.

For the seventh pitch, Maglie decided to cross Mantle up. He shifted inside, hoping to catch Mickey leaning in on the plate, looking for the outside pitch and unable to cope with anything in close. He was wrong. Mantle was waiting, apparently had been waiting right along. Mickey swung and hit the line drive to right, low and just fair, but high enough and fair enough to be a home run (his third of the Series and his second off Maglie). He had won this time, and it cost Maglie the ball game. In all probability, it also cost the Dodgers the Series.

THAT YANKEE PITCHING

The sixth game, obscured by Larsen's Fifth and Newcombe's Seventh (the one heroic, the other tragic), was actually one of the finest World Series games ever played. Clem Labine and Bob Turley pitched through nine scoreless innings before the Dodgers won 1-0 in the 10th, on Jackie Robinson's line-drive single over the uncertain head of Enos Slaughter, thus enabling Brooklyn to stay precariously alive for one more day. But in retrospect, that game has become no more than a particularly striking part of the dominant movement of the Series: the five consecutive complete games hurled at Brooklyn by the supposedly inept Yankee pitching staff. Whitey Ford gave up 8 hits and 3 runs; Tom Seaver, 6 hits and 2 runs; Don Larsen, 0 hits and 0 runs; Bob Turley, 4 hits and 1 run; and Johnny Kucks, 3 hits and 0 runs.

It is impossible to know whether this overpowering display of pitching depth is a sign to the future that the Yankees, despite seven pennants in the last eight years, are just beginning to show how good they really are; or the futile hitting an omen that the Dodger dynasty, built on the great skills of a small band of extraordinary players (Robinson, now 37, Reese 37, Fariello 34, Campanella 34, Hodges 32, Snider 30), is finally about to crumble; or the whole thing simply a dramatic coincidence (it is an extraordinary fact that Larsen, Turley and Kucks pitched the single best games of their careers on successive days). But certainly the mere fact of its happening has characterized the 1956 Series: this may have been the Series of Berra, of Larsen, of Maglie and of Newcombe; but mostly it was the Series when the Dodgers stopped hitting and the Yankees learned to pitch.

(END)

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A full-page photograph of a sunset or sunrise. The sky is filled with dramatic, layered clouds in shades of deep orange, red, and dark grey. In the lower third of the image, two silhouetted figures stand on a dark, flat horizon line. The figure on the left is slightly taller and holds a long, thin object, possibly a telescope or a long stick, pointing it towards the sky. The figure on the right is shorter and also holds a similar object. The overall mood is contemplative and awe-inspiring.

PREVIEW

SKY WATCH FOR



WILDFOWL

As hunters search the horizon for first sight of ducks and geese, Sports Illustrated presents on the pages following an in-flight report from the flyways, plus exclusive pictures of the Joel Barber decoy collection

THE GANTLET RUN BEGINS

by REGINALD WELLS

As 300 million ducks and geese pour into the flyways, hunters the nation over look forward to another record-breaking season

ACROSS THE LAND the sound of beating wings was heard—mostly in the North at first, then slowly drumming southward. Everywhere excitement was mounting. On the Platte River in Nebraska hunting leases sold for \$1 a yard in 600-foot strips; in Lincoln, white-collar workers hurried out to the pasture ponds before breakfast and were back with their limit of blue-wing teals in time to catch the 7:45 a.m. bus downtown. In Minnesota the season opened with a roar, and by nightfall three hunters had drowned, two were shot, one had a heart attack and another had been killed by a train. Hunting near Rosseau, George Bortz shot a mallard drake; his retriever, Buck, went out and returned with a teal. In Big Rice Lake, Federal Wildlife Agent Gus Bonde picked up a man shooting after hours; the victim complained: "In 10 years I've never been in trouble for game violation." Said Bonde: "All things come to him who waits."

The 1956 waterfowl season was on with a vengeance and in most parts was living up to the predictions that it

would be every bit as good as last year's record breaker. News of the great season had got around. To meet it, seven hunters near Carroll, Iowa bought a 20-acre tract along the Raccoon River, removed 1,200 trees, hired a bulldozer for 12 days to clean out stumps and dig a lake bed, then dug wells to fill their lake. Their third well was a gusher which poured forth a six-inch stream. Delighted, the hunters built their blinds, equipped them with intercommunication sets, and waited for the ducks. Instead, the local drought-ridden farmers came—with a court injunction to shut off the well.

In Michigan, expanded capital outlay was much in evidence. It ranged from elaborate motel-size blinds for 10, on Saginaw Bay, to aluminum prefabs preferred on the Portage Bay of the Upper Peninsula. Retrievers bore evidence of more costly handlers' fees and the decoy equipment showed signs of increasing complexity. Many an old sneak-boater harrumphed at newfangled duck calls equipped with built-in bellows and decoys with heads abob and wiggling tails.

Opening day, however, got under way in true style, according to Art Best, a Saginaw Bay marsh veteran. "They started blasting away long before you could even tell there was gray in the east. The orange streaks of gunfire looked like the second Battle of the Marne," he complained.

In some places the season got off to a slow start due to unusually warm weather, but where early frosts and high winds got the birds off their tails excellent shooting was reported.

Predictions for the four flyways couldn't be better, as in-flight reports from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED correspondents show.

Indications are that the Pacific flyway will have the best shooting this year, followed by the Central, Mississippi and Atlantic flyways. Aerial surveys of Canadian nesting grounds show mallards have done exceedingly well in all provinces; pintails are down somewhat in both Alberta and Saskatchewan. Blue-winged teals, baldpates, gadwalls, canvasbacks and redheads have bumper crops and are on a par with 1955. Scaups (bluebills) show a

Over the prairies of Canada, skies darken as ducks of all kinds build up and take wing for the long flight south



marked increase, as do Canada geese. First to leave for the flight south were pintails, teals and buffleheads. The Pacific flyway may show a downward trend in pintails; Central and Mississippi flyways will have record flights with mallards predominating, and the forecast for the Atlantic flyway is "more scaups than usual."

Flights of waterfowl in western states are showing a moderate increase over last year. Dabbling ducks, especially pintails and baldpates, are in good supply, with mallards about the same as last year. Goose flights are as good as or better than last year.

California reports the best early season in years. There are heavy concentrations of pintails and other large ducks, and some geese, in the Tule Lake-Lower Klamath area, and waterfowl of all kinds are swarming into the central valleys—59% more than last year. An official census estimates there are 1,150,000 ducks and geese there. The Butte Sink, Colusa Refuge and Grizzly Island areas in the Sacramento Valley show heavy concentrations, as do the Mendota and Tulare lake areas of the San Joaquin Valley.

In Washington, good early hunting spots are the tidal areas and adjoining farmlands in the Skagit Flats, the potholes and marshes near Spokane and the coastal bays of Grays Harbor and Willapa. Goose hunting will be best in the eastern grainfields from mid-November to December 31.

The outlook for Nebraska is "better than ever." There have never been more ducks in the state than now, and some 200,000 hunters are afield. Southeast Nebraska is suffering somewhat from the dryness. Lake McConaughy, smack in the heart of the Central flyway, is providing excellent sport.

So far, the North Dakota season shapes up as one of the best on record. There are currently 2 to 4 million ducks in the state, and 1,000 geese, mostly Canadas, are on the Souris Refuge near Devils Lake.

Western Iowa hunters are enjoying good hunting in the Missouri River Valley. Best hunting seems to be in the Spirit Lake area. Most hunters were back home by 8 a.m. with the limit of four ducks each.

Conditions in Wyoming are the same as last year—good.

Idaho's major hunting areas are the Upper Snake River, Lower Snake valley and the Boise River. Early gunning is best in the vicinity of Idaho Falls. Hunting throughout the state should be best in mid-November.

Montana hunters will find best sport

in the Flathead Valley area and the Missouri River Basin. Prospects in the east are only fair.

Oregon's top spots this year are the Willamette Valley, along lower Snake and Columbia rivers and in southern Oregon in the Summer Lake, Goose Lake and Klamath basins. Water conditions are improved, providing more space for hunters and birds.

Nevada's most important hunting area are the marshes in the Fallon area and along the Colorado River in the Lake Mead vicinity. All species are abundant.

One of the heaviest concentrations in the mountain states is on the Bear River Refuge in Utah, where 633,000 ducks have been counted. Fall migration in this area is proceeding normally, and the Texas coast, which usually winters one to 3 million waterfowl, promises best hunting success.

First to arrive in the Southeast were the blue-wing teals, and some pintails have moved into central and southern Louisiana and the coastal areas of Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina. Food conditions are excellent in the Pin Oak Flats in the Mississippi flyway, and heavy concentrations of mallards are building up.

The New England states, and New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and West Virginia should have good gunning seasons if the right weather prevails. Blue- and green-wing teals have arrived in the same numbers as last year, but black ducks are down.

Opening day turnout on Merrymeeting Bay in Maine was an estimated 5,000 hunters, and shooting space is hard to buy. Ducks are plentiful (estimated at 20,000 in bay) and scattered flocks of geese are being seen. The bay is holding a few remaining blue- and green-wing teals; and goldeneyes, blue-bills, ringnecks and pintails are migrating the length and breadth of the state. Jump shooters in the famed grounds of Allagash, St. John, Penobscot and Kennebec River watersheds report hot gunning and high bags.

That is how the 1956 waterfowl season shapes up as of now. Ducks and geese of all kinds are on the wing in record-breaking numbers, thanks largely to the year-round nesting groundwork of the sportsman-supported Ducks Unlimited organization. The success of the hunting season from now on depends on the weather, which must be foul to be good, and the skill of the individual hunter. If the weather cooperates, wildfowlers can look forward to a season as good, if not better, than ever before.

FLYWAY FORECAST

INCREASE

DECREASE

NO CHANGE



ATLANTIC FLYWAY



MISSISSIPPI FLYWAY



CENTRAL FLYWAY



PACIFIC FLYWAY

JOEL BARBER'S DECOYS

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB SMALLMAN

EVER SINCE the first American Indian fashioned a crude likeness of a duck out of straw and mud and with it lured his evening meal down to arrow range, man has made decoys. The Indians went on to make them with stuffed skins and roughly hewn wooden images; the colonists saw and copied the Indian devices, and decoy making became an art. It is one of America's few native crafts and even today, in the work of dedicated wildfowlers, it survives unchanged.

In the last century, decoy making has come of age, with artists both primitive and modern bending their talents to create these hand-carved tools of deception. In spite of mechanical progress and modern mass production the hand-crafted decoy still maintains its place of honor on the current hunting scene.

It remained, however, for a New York architect—Joel Barber—to create for decoys the place they deserve in American folk art. Barber's interest in them started when he found a battered decoy in a loft on Long Island. Stimulated by this find, he began to search for more such relics. Later he wrote a definitive book on the subject, and his collection became the yardstick by which all others were judged. Craftsmanship, design, functionality, artistry and history determined the choice of decoys which shared his workshop. They represent the finest waterfowl lures in America.

Joel Barber died in January 1962 at his workbench in Wilton, Conn. finishing a decoy head. Next May his famed collection, never before publicly available in its entirety, will be on permanent exhibition at the Shelburne Museum, near Burlington, Vt.

—VIRGINIA KRAFT



THE BEST OF THE
BARBER COLLECTION

Assembled above is a representative sampling of the best and most unusual in the Joel Barber decoy collection. Below the canvas-winged flying brant (top, left) are, from left to right, confidence decoys (top shelf). Barnegat tip-up, black duck, surf



seater, two Wilson snipe, herring-gull profile; **historical decoys (second shelf):** primitive stick-up, pintail, old Japanese decoy, goldeneye, red-breasted merganser, Lake Champlain redhead, ruddy duck; **experimental decoys (third shelf):** over-

size canvasback, aluminum canvasback, redhead, rubber pintail and, facing left, a female red-breasted, the decoy discovered at Babylon, L.I., which started Barber on his more than 36 years of decoy collecting. At far right is another confidence decoy,

a stick-up heron from the Jones Beach, L.I. area. Bottom shelf shows examples of fine craftsmanship: mallard drake by Barber, black duck by Chambers, canvasback by Ward, mallard drake by Wheeler, bluebill drake by Holmes and black duck by Barber.

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER

HINDSIGHT

ACROSS the nation, at this time of year, hunters everywhere are heading for the woods. Many of them will be carried back out on stretchers. As the 1956 bag mounts, so will the accident toll. The following report has been copied from the Hunting Accident Files of the Pennsylvania Game Commission: *Accident occurred:* McKean County, Pennsylvania.

Describe injury: Flesh wound in right hip.

Victim required medical attention: Emporium, Pennsylvania.

Statement of offender: Bill ... and I were hunting ground hogs. We had walked across the fields about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile when we saw the ground hog about 250 to 300 yards off. I fired four or five times and Bill shot once or twice, when one of us suggested (we don't recall who it was) that one of us would lay on his stomach and the other would rest the rifle across his hip. In this way he could hold the rifle steadier. We must have been in said position for five or ten minutes when the ground hog stood up. I told Bill I was going to shoot. He said O.K.

I looked several times during the time we were in that position to see if the rifle was clear across his rear end, and it was, at least 18 inches clear. But when I fired, it couldn't have been, and it grazed his right hip which required six stitches. I rushed him to the doctor and I will pay whatever is required to get him back in shape. He hasn't lost any work yet.

Weapon used by offender: .218 Bee.

Offender's experience: 15 years.

What relationship, if any, exists between the victim and offender: Offender's statement: Friends.

Victim's statement: I was lying on my stomach and the offender was resting a .218 Bee rifle across my hind end and when the ground hog stood up he fired the rifle. It was accidentally back too far and shot a piece out of my tail which caused burns and six stitches. *Victim's experience:* 10 years.

Request the statement you made im-

mediately following the accident: My God, you shot me in the tail. *What relationship, if any, exists between the victim and offender:* Victim's statement: Good Friends.

FOR WHOM THE BELLS TINKLE

SIX MONTHS ago the California Fish and Game Department trapped eight coyotes, tied little bells about their necks and released them in a routine game management experiment to determine whether coyotes found in the high country in summer are the same animals found in the lowlands during winter. Today six of the coyotes are still at large but the original purpose of the experiment has been obscured by a bitter controversy concerning the welfare of the belled animals.



TED WILLIAMS, fishing in Canada during the World Series, is caught at the exact moment his camp radio told him of Yogi Berra's second-game grand slammer. Earlier unpredictable Ted had predicted a Yankee win: "Don Larsen should make the difference." Prognosticator Williams had no luck on salmon but got three ducks with a single blast on opening day in Maine.

A Pennsylvania hunter's posterior enters posterity.
Tinkling coyotes in California brew controversy.
And in Illinois an honest man takes his medicine
while to some wildfowlers strange things do come

The Sacramento Union, which had been vigorously attacking Fish and Game Director Seth Gordon on other department policies, got wind of the belling scheme and saw in it a chance for further campaigning. The paper charged that although deer had been successfully belled to ascertain their migratory habits, the coyote is a predator and must "slyly sneak up on its prey and, with a quick snap of the jaw, sever the neck of its victim." The jangling of a bell as coyotes stalk their supper, therefore, can only disperse their victims.

The proof of the argument seemed to have come in when R. E. Robards, a Trinity County miner, came upon a gaunt, starving and belled coyote. "I gave it milk and dog meal," said Robards, "but it was too far gone, I guess, to pull through. . . . It was the most sadistic thing I've ever seen."

Ben Glading, in charge of game management for the state, quickly admitted "it was very probable" that the Trinity coyote had died of starvation because the bell warned its natural prey. Director Gordon, though he personally didn't know anything about the project until the Union gave outraged editorial voice, backed his field personnel. Fish and Game headquarters stood firm, too, declaring that no disciplinary action was planned. "The fellows didn't get prior approval," headquarters admitted, "but they were doing a job as they saw it." The statement did little to shake the convictions of some sportsmen that bellying coyotes, as one group put it, besides being a cruel scheme "would make them outcasts of the pack, thus proving nothing in the way of migration."

As weeks passed and no further coyotes were reported, things looked fairly grim for the embattled department. Then, last week, Coyote No. 2 was bagged at Big Bar in Trinity County, five miles from where it was belled. Unlike Coyote No. 1, this one was fat and sleek.

With this discovery James Stokes, Fish and Game fieldman immediately

continued on page 49



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continued from page 16

responsible for the decision to bell the coyotes, came quickly to the experiment's defense. He pointed out that coyotes, if they have to, can live largely on fruit, berries, crickets and grasshoppers and that belling does not affect the ability of the predator to get his food. He added that the sound of the bell is not unusual in nature because wildlife is accustomed to the presence of belled cattle.

"If we entang them," he said, "the only possible way to get information is when they are recovered. Belling them gives us dual reports. People who hear the bells can report to us, the same as they do on dyed geese." He said that the department has already received sufficient reports of tinkling bells in the forests to determine that coyotes in the high elevations do migrate to the low country and become a threat to ranchers.

The ultimate answer to the controversy depends now, it seems, on the fate of the remaining animals, which, one way or another, still have to go jingling about the handicapped business of getting a square meal.

POUR LE SPORT

OVERIN Visalia, Ill., Game Warden P. P. Becas and Judge Hal Broaders are still a little bit agog over Hunter Philip E. Ghobson. Last week Ghobson shot an illegal deer and promptly drove 38 miles to report his transgression. Before the judge he explained why. "I had my son with me," said Ghobson, "and I certainly never intend for him to learn bad habits or see me commit an unsportsmanlike act. I want him to respect me and the law." The judge agreed, reluctantly imposed a \$25 fine.

FOUL

GUNNERS began crop of wildowl last week (see page 40) and a record crop of odd occurrences, too. For example, Arthur Goulais and Tom Banghard were gunning at Portage Bay, Mich. when a lovely teal paddled right into their blind. After some debate on the sporting merits of bagging teal without shooting, Goulais grabbed the bird by the scruff of its foolish neck. Still other gunners experienced the zenith in improbable frustration. A hapless duckler at Memphis Lake in eastern Nebraska lost his

spanking new, \$160 golden retriever as thoroughly that in spite of all the efforts of Game Warden Dick Wolkow the animal could not be found. It had fled at the first shot and has yet to be seen again. Then, there was Clarence Hyde of Oshkosh, Wis. Very proud of the goose he had bagged, he put it in the trunk of his car and drove off to work, warm with anticipation of the admiration that would come his way when the boys took a look. Hyde opened the trunk, the boys took their look, and with an indignant honk the goose winged away.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

A—water dry or rocky, M—water muddy, N—water at normal height, SH—slightly high, H—high, VH—very high, L—low, E—rising, F—falling, W50—water temperature 50° F, G—fishing good, FF—fishing fair, FG—fishing poor, OVG—outlook very good, OG—outlook good, OP—outlook fair, OP—outlook poor

CHANNEL BASIN, LOUISIANA: Fish to 40 pounds moving through coastal passes to spawning grounds with FG particularly in the Grand Isle area, where anglers are tying into exceptional runs; OVG.

NORTH CAROLINA: Surf between Nags Head and Hatteras Inlet ideal with easterly reporting an abundance of belly fish. Hatteras Inlet charter boats also reporting a last week one bottled 11 bass which topped 50 pounds each; OVG.

MUSKELLUNGE, WISCONSIN: In spite of or because of splendid fishing with temperature in the low anglers are whacking lakes and flowages, but those that are report FF/G, as Arthur B. Kropp of Milwaukee last week reported a 30-pound muskie. He hooked from north 4-mile lake last week; OG.

TROUT: MONTANA: Fat natives snatching streamers and FG in Yellowstone, Big Hole and Georgetown and Canyon Ferry lakes; state-wide OVG.

CALIFORNIA: Thunder showers and snow in high country slowing down Sierra fishing especially in Bridgeport area and on Owens River from Benton Crossing to Arcularius Ranch. OG on Hat Creek for big browns. Bushy creek south of Bishop producing on bait. West slope hot spots still upper Kern and Kaweah as well as remote creeks in Yosemite National Park; OG.

WISCONSIN: Brute L and C but disbands averaging two steelhead and brownies per lake ranging from 8 to 14½ pounds. Fall rainbow run not up to par and gravelled oldtimer reports fishing is horrible and OP.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Interior lakes yielding fat karibou with FG and OG. In coastal area cutthroats moving in behind salmon with Oyster and Salmon rivers best bets on Vancouver Island. Fraser Valley streams are the most terrific; OVG.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: Unseasonal timber cruiser advises OVG for fall salmon on Big Treadle and the Tabularia rivers but SG October 31.

PACIFIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: Campbell River area still producing big silvers with OG for Quilman and Oyster and OVG for Cowichan. FG in Howe Sound for both springs and silvers and fish are beginning to enter Cheskanos. Lower Fraser streams burning such fish but they are coy. OVG as runs has improved most waters.

CALIFORNIA: Smith River now best for chinooks where last week Albert L. Hoke of Oakland landed a 30-pounder. Trinity Run heavy but rain needed before fish hit; OG.

IDAHO: A few fish being taken near Regatta on the main Salmon from above Rannell to French Creek. FF for chinooks on Snake below Murphy Bridge but heavy runs have dampened activity throughout state and OP/F.

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SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Bob Scheffing, former Chicago Cub catcher who managed Los Angeles to PCL pennant, is faced with more formidable task: leading Cubs out of National League cellar. Reasoned Scheffing: "I don't think they expect miracles."



Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons had one of his biggest (and most profitable) days at Belmont Park when the mighty Nashua bowed out with victory in Jockey Club Gold Cup and Bold Ruler ran away from field in Futurity. His take: \$12,774.56.

RECORD BREAKERS

Tommy Kono, barrel-chested Nisei who has bettered six world weight-lifting marks in three divisions, added his seventh, hefting 383½ pounds in 181-pound clean and jerk at Honolulu (Oct. 13).

George Wooley, British Royal Navy boatswain tugged out in flexible diving suit and whiffing mixture of helium and oxygen, descended 690 feet in Norwegian waters for world deep-diving mark (Oct. 13).

Galina Zybins, Amazonlike Russian shot-putter who will defend title at Melbourne, got off tons of 54 feet 11¼ inches to break her own record for 11th time (Oct. 13).

BASEBALL

New York Yankees unloaded home run power in seventh game at Ebbets Field, backing up Johnny Kuck's superb three-hit pitching with pair of one-aboard homers by Yogi Berra, bases-empty clout by Elston Howard against unfortunate Don Newcombe, grand slam by Bill Skowron against Reliever Roger Craig to humiliate Brooklyn Dodgers 9-0 and win World Series after Clem Labine outlasted Bob Turley 1-0 in 10 innings to even matters in sixth game.

Casey Stengel, wide awake at 65 and gushing like one of his lush oil wells after winning seventh pennant and sixth World Series in eight years, signed two-year contract to manage Yankees at estimated \$60,000 per year, then took off for Glendale, Calif., to "catch up on some sleep" and dream up new strategy to confound American League managers.

Chicago Cubs, anxious to clean house and "make a fresh start" after last-place finish swept out Manager Stan Hack, Business Manager Jimmy Gallagher and Player Personnel Director Wid Matthews, reached out to Los Angeles farm to pluck Bob Scheffing as field manager (see above) and John Holland as general manager, latched on to banjo-strumming Charlie Grimm, sometime Cub manager and more lately with Milwaukee Braves, as vice-president.

FOOTBALL

Purdue added to Notre Dame's growing troubles, shocking Irish 28-14, while Army and Navy also fell with loud crash. Fumbling cadets bowed to powerful Michigan 48-14, and Navy went down before Tulane 21-4. Mighty Michigan State blasted Indiana 53-6, and awesome Oklahoma, disappointed when NCAA check revealed longer winning streak (33 by Pitt), here down to wallop Texas 45-0 to tie record. Ohio State posted its 14th straight Big Ten victory, outscoring Illinois 26-6, but Minnesota's Rose Bowl hopes ran into a road block when Northwestern huddled Gophers to 0-0 tie. UCLA remained in driver's seat in Pacific Coast Conference, beating Washington State 28-9.

Chicago Cardinals and **Detroit Lions** kept records clean in NFL. Cards breezing past Washington 31-8, while Lions held off rallying Los Angeles 24-21. New York's broadcast radio-controlled Cleveland 21-9; Philadelphia outlasted Pittsburgh 35-21; Green Bay edged Baltimore 38-33; Chicago Bears trounced San Francisco 31-7.

HORSE RACING

Bold Ruler, No. 1 candidate for 2-year-old honors, leaped along until Eddie Arcaro decided he was ready, then surged down Widener chute to easy 2¼-length victory in \$124,845 Belmont Futurity (see page 62).

Dedicate, top-weighted at 120 pounds, found it little burden as he moved up to take Find at head of stretch, held off challenging Summer Tan under firm urging of Jockey Bill Boland to win \$129,850 Hawthorne Gold Cup by scant head.

OLYMPIC TRIALS

Robert Miller, agile Army Specialist Third Class, piled up 4,293 points in five modern pentathlon events at San Antonio to lead qualifiers for U.S. Olympic team. Others picked: Navy Lieut. William Andre of Montclair, N. J.; George Lambert of Sioux City, Iowa.

HOCKEY

Detroit got off to flying start in NHL, outskating Chicago 3-1, Toronto 4-1, New York 2-1 to grab three-point lead, while Black Hawks failed to win even once in three starts and Montreal, New York, Boston and Toronto played .500 hockey.

TRACK AND FIELD

U.S. Olympians stretched their muscles in exhibition at Berkeley, produced several good performances. Harold Connolly spun hammer 216 feet 10½ inches, six inches better than Cliff Blair's pending U.S. record but two feet off Connolly's world mark of

FOCUS ON THE DEED



TRAVELING DODGERS, headed by Manager Alston (left) and President O'Malley (second from left), put Yankees behind them as they take off on first lap of barnstorming tour of Japan.



RETIRING NASHUA makes his last race one of his best, streaking home first in Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont to set U.S. two-mile record of 3:20 2/5 and boost earnings to \$1,288,565.



Betty Cuthbert, pretty 15-year-old blonde shrub-nursery assistant who recently sprinted 200-meter dash in 23.2 for new world record, battled nine mph head wind to win same event in 23.7 in Australian Olympic trials at Melbourne.



Bill Dettlinger, lanky U. of Oregon star, stretched his long legs through 5,000 meters in 14:25.5 to lower American record for distance on U.S. Olympic track and field team gathered at Berkeley, Calif. for meet exhibition meet.



Dick Irvin, 64, who retired as manager of Chicago Black Hawks because of ill health after 46 active years in hockey, will still keep band in his favorite sport. Irvin's new appointment: goodwill ambassador for National Hockey League.

Oct. 3, Parry O'Brien tossed shot 60 feet 6 inches; Bud Held, who missed making team by mere inch but later set new U.S. record, tossed javelin 226 feet 2 1/2 inches to beat out Olympic Champion Cy Young; Arnie Sowell sprinted 200 meters in 1:45.8.

Jim Bailey, cocky Oregon-educated Aussie, clowning through 800 meters in slow 1:51.2 as crowd booed his antics, to qualify for spot on Australian Olympic team in trials at Melbourne but John Landy, world's fastest miler, was still big question mark. Suffering from painfully inflamed tendons in both legs, Landy failed to enter 5,000 meters, in pessimistic about chances of competing in 1,500 meters this Saturday.

BOXING

Tony De Marco, free-swinging strong boy, tossed his choicest bombs at jaded Kid Gavilan but couldn't bring down once-fancy-stepping Cuban and had to be satisfied with 10-round decision in non-TV battle of ex-welterweight champions before 8,112 at Boston. Beaten on cards of all three officials but always good for a protest these days, the Keed complained, "I didn't beat him big, but I beat him."

Spider Webb, once-beaten middleweight who has become apple of IBC eye since Bobby Boyd got his conscience, out-mauled and outkicked gangling Charley Cotton in dull 10-round at Chicago.

Rory Calhoun, hard-punching young White Plains, N.Y., middleweight beaten only by Webb in split decision, softened up Britain's John L. Sullivan with body blows,

floored opponent with jolting right to jaw in seventh before winning by TKO in eighth at Cleveland.

RODEO

John Jones, 24-year-old part-time cowboy from Fresno on rodeo circuit for first time, won steer-wrestling title, picked up enough dollars in three events (\$4,124) to take all-round championship at New York's Madison Square Garden. Jim Shoulders led bareback bronc riders, all but clucked rare triple crown for year.

MILEPOSTS

RETIRED—Betty Hicks, 35, pint-sized but long-hitting California golfer who turned pro six weeks after winning U.S. amateur in 1941, woman athlete of year in 1941; because of illness and "the professional tournament game is for the well heeled, the nerveless, the young and the carefree, I am none of these."

RETIRED—Mrs. Fanny Blankers-Koen, 35, once-limber-legged Dutch housewife who won four gold medals at 1948 Olympics, decorated as Knight with Order of Orange Nassau by Queen Juliana in 1949 for "services to sport"; at Amsterdam.

RETIRED—Ralph (Babe) Pinelli, 61, former Cincinnati infielder, sharp-eyed National League umpire who never missed game in 22 years; after working his sixth World Series. His new job: to scout future California major leaguers for Redlegs.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

BUCK BAKER Charlotte **R.C. PASCAR** 300 in. Grand Nat. race, 13.88 mph. in Chrysler 300, Charlotte.

BOATING

HAWAII KAI III, piloted by Jack Regan, Schara Cup, won 1,350 yds., Las Vegas.
(MOR champion, Honolulu, La.)
BUD BOLLITT, Corpus Christi, Class C sailboat racing roundabout event, with 53 1/2 mph.
ELLIS WILLOUGHBY, Alexandria, Va., Class C service roundabout record, with 45 1/2 mph.
JERRY BUCKLEY, Lenoir, Ark., Class F hydroplane record, with 54 2/3 mph.

BOXING

BILLY WILCOX, 10-round decision over Frank Spence, light heavyweight, Miami.
CHARLES RUMEL, 10-round TKO over Franco Ferrigno, for European middleweight title, Milan.
ERNE DURANDO, 7-round TKO over Fernando Sordella, middleweight, Panama, P.R.
PAT MURKIN, 4-round KO over Lew Lutz, for British Empire middleweight title, Nottingham.
JOE MURPHY, 10 round decision over Danny Greenough, welterweight, New York.

GOLF

PATTY BENG St. Andrews, Ill., Arkansas Open, with 252, 61 1/2 holes, Fort Springs, Ark.
WILFIE SMITH, Smyer, Tenn., over Mrs. Marge Fennell, 3 and 6, Three-Weeks-long amateur, Fennie Beach, Calif.

HARNESS RACING

SCOTT FINEY 333 1/30 Gethem Test, 1 1/2 m., by 2 1/2 lengths, in 2:23 4/5, Hoboken (N.Y.) Roadway, Jan. 2, 1948.

HORSE RACING

FLOWER BOWL \$58,380 Ladies Handicap, 1 1/2 m., by 1 1/4 lengths, in 2:23 4/5, Detroit, White Shoemaker.
ITALIAN \$61,875 All-Boys Stakes, 7 1/2, 1 1/4 m., by 2 1/2 lengths, in 3:27, Woodbine, Sam Bussert.
SARFETOWN \$24,550 Quaker City Handicap, 1 1/2 m., by 1/2 lengths, in 1:46 2/5, Garden State, White Warlock.

TENNIS

SVEN DARLIDSON, Sweden, over Marco Luzzati, 6-4, 6-4, 5-7, Pro-American men's singles, Mexico City.
ALTRIA SIBSON, New York, over Darlene Ward, 6-6, 6-4, Pro-American women's singles, Mexico City.



HUSKY RUSSIANS (in lighter jerseys) keep their eyes on the ball to outscore French 47-33, in spirited game at Moscow.



ARTFUL MEXICANS Diane Spench and Nekane Belamstequigoria do a doublet two-step in Pan-Am play at Mexico City.



INTENSE BRITON Pat Smythe expertly guides Carrousel III over triple-bar jump in the Horse of the Year Show at London.

The writer struggles with an annual dilemma
and comes up with a request to the USGA:

LET'S CLEAR UP THE RULES



AT THE BEGINNING of every golf season I make it a practice, as most golfers do, to read through the year's new edition of *The Rules of Golf*, that pocket-sized manual which the U.S. Golf Association annually prints up for the benefit of all of us who play the game. Each year I find that I end up in exactly the same dilemma after making my way through the book by slow marches: the rules I have always understood give me no trouble; the rules I have always been hazy about, and would like to get straight for once, persist in remaining undecipherable.

The reason for my bringing this up is that, almost every place where my travels in golf took me this past season, I ran into 1) experienced officials sighing, with the ebullient resignation of free-lance nursemaids, what a sad paradox it is that so few golfers know the rules; and 2) countless golfers who would like to know the rules but who have found that, past a point, studying *The Rules of Golf* is no help whatsoever. This confusion engulfs not only the average weekend golfer but also the men at the top of the tree. I remember, for example, a very illustrative episode last April which took place in the lounge area of the players' dressing room at the Augusta National the afternoon before the first round of the Masters, when Ben Hogan pulled out his copy of the rule book and asked the officials present if by any chance they understood, since he didn't, the meaning of Rule 35-3-a. This rule bears the heading of Stroke Play—Ball Interfering With Play and reads as follows (the italics are those of the rule book):

"When the ball nearer the hole lies on the putting green, if the competitor consider that the fellow-competitor's ball might interfere with his play, the competitor may require the fellow-competitor to lift or play

his ball, at the option of its owner, without penalty.

"If the owner of the ball refuse to comply with this Rule when required to do so, the competitor making the request may lift the ball, and the owner of the ball shall be disqualified.

"Note: It is recommended that the ball nearer the hole be played, rather than lifted, unless the subsequent play of a fellow-competitor is likely to be affected."

No two people in the small band gathered around Hogan interpreted the rule quite alike. However, a general agreement as to what the rule meant to say but didn't was arrived at after 10 minutes of intricate discussion. Hogan returned the book to his pocket with that enigmatic smile of his, apparently satisfied that he knew as much as could be expected of him.

EXIT LEGAL VERBIAGE

Since this confusion is epidemic, what is needed (and has been needed for a long time) is a completely revised rule book, not simply a new edition. To begin with, many of the rules need to be rewritten, in straightforward language and not in the complex, flying-words, quasi-legal terminology that has grown up. (Rule X of the 13 rules in the original 1744 code provides a good example of language that possesses a real directness: "If a ball be stop'd by any person, horse, dog, or anything else, the ball so stop'd must be played where it lies." Modern rules, to be sure, must take many more contingencies into account, but it would be a gain if they could be stated with some of this old declarative spirit.) The rule book, moreover, would be vastly more readable and much easier to find one's way around in if a rather wholesale revision were to be made of the headings of many of the rules and the titles of

many of the sections under which certain related rules are grouped.

Above all, a complete restudy should be made of the order and arrangement of the sections and the rules. For example, it would be of great service to golfers if, regardless of whatever other sections in which they might also appear, all the rules that apply to match play were to be gathered in one special section and all the rules that apply to stroke play in another special section. Nowadays, the average golfer seeking such information is compelled to lead through numerous ambiguously headed rules—such as one called Disputes and Doubt as to Rights, in a section called Procedure—being offered little or no guidance as to where the desired information is located.

It would be an excellent advance also if some of the more complicated rules were explained by supplemental diagrams. (You will rarely see an official who attempts to clarify the beautifully baffling business of water hazards, regular, lateral, and parallel, without resorting to a pencil sketch.) The one over-all goal should be to produce a rule book which a golfer will find so clear and serviceable he will come to think of it as a pleasurable companion and not as the silent confederate of "fairway lawyers."

At its next meeting, the USGA's Rules of Golf Committee would also do well to examine the merit of several rules now in the book. (At this juncture it might not be inappropriate to point out that, to my knowledge, there is no other governing body in all of sport that is in the same class with the USGA when it comes to enlightened, capable stewardship.) One rule, of course, that must be re-evaluated is the 1956 "within 20 yards" innovation which, to put it as briefly as possible, gives the man playing the shot the option of whether the flagstick be

unattended or not and eliminates the penalty if the ball strikes an unattended flagstick. The primary idea behind the rule was to speed up play. It hasn't. It may even have slowed play down, what with one member of a foursome wanting the stick in, another out, and so on. Beyond this, the rule has bred that unsavory twist whereby a player with a downhill or sidehill putt leaves the flagstick in, figuring that should he overstroke the ball, the stick will serve nicely as a backboard. The idea in golf is to put the ball into a hole, not to hit it against a vertical pole—that is *kolf*, the game the Dutch used to play on the frozen canals. Using the flagstick as a backstop is really as alien to the spirit of the game as it would be for a tournament golfer deliberately to play a difficult approach to bounce into the gallery packed closely behind a green, knowing that the ball would be stopped by the captive spectators and would probably end up on the apron at worst.

Another phase of the rules that deserves inspection is the weird agglutination concerning the provisional ball. To honor the present rule perfectly, a player, before stepping up to his provisional, must announce to his opponent or to the marker: "This is a provisional"; and he would do well to add: "My provisional applies to the possibility of my first ball's being out of bounds, unplayable, or lost, but it does not apply to a ball in a water hazard." At this stage of its development, however, the rule does not require the player to recite *The Vision of Sir Launfal* and *The Chambered Nautilus*.

But the baby which most golfers would like to see changed is the out-of-bounds rule. Before 1952, in effect, a golfer who hit a ball out of bounds was penalized distance only. He lost, in effect, only that one shot he hit out of bounds. Under the present rule he loses distance and is penalized an additional stroke. For example, if he bangs his first tee shot out of bounds, he is playing 3 and not 2 when he tees up again. Officials tell me that the new and severer rule was prompted, to a large measure, by a general feeling that the penalty for out-of-bounds should be more consistent with the penalties for an unplayable lie (two shots), a lost ball (distance plus a penalty stroke), and for a ball in a water hazard (which we won't go into, life being a fleeting thing). Anyhow, the more you think about it, there is no compelling reason for seeking to establish such a consistency. For one thing, a player is not penalized distance

when he hits a shot into a water hazard. More to the heart of the matter, an unplayable lie and a lost ball are essentially rub-of-the-green misfortunes and, as such, much rarer birds on most courses than out-of-bounds.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Granted that there will always be a few unreconstructable finaglers who will try to find their way around any rule and who, if out-of-bounds were returned to distance only, would lose no time in declaring any unfound ball to be out of bounds. Nevertheless, it is the bulk of golfers, the honest abiders, who should first be taken into consideration when the rules are formulated. For them the present "two-stroke penalty" is a crusher; it offers no reprieve, regardless of how excellent the average golfer plays his second ball on that hole. If it were only the truly lousy shots that were punished, the rule would be more tenable. Today, however, there are hundreds and hundreds of courses where the out-of-bounds markers border closely on the fairway—many clubs are just darn lazy about clearing out scrub and woods, others are hemmed in tightly by Sabarbia. As a result, the present penalty frequently is all out of proportion to the degree of the player's error. A normal kick and he's hit a good shot. A bad kick and he's out of bounds. The punishment doesn't fit the crime.

Most tournament golfers learn to learn the rules, for there are situations in which the book is on the knowledgeable player's side. In a recent Masters,

(within the boundaries of the hazard) without penalty and to his decided benefit. A somewhat similar, if somewhat different, incident that comes to mind took place in the 1955 Open when Sam Snead hooked into the rough on the 12th hole and found his ball lying in the cast thrown up in all probability by "a burrowing animal" (Rule 32-1). Sam summoned an official for corroboration. During the five minutes he waited for the official to arrive, Sam paced nervously back and forth through the rough, so that, whether through coincidence or perspicacity, the stubby grass was nice and trampled down when Sam received official word that he could lift and drop without penalty.

Knowing how to protect yourself by knowing the rules is one thing, but setting out purposefully to defeat an opponent by technicalities is another. In this department, there is no one who can hold a candle to a certain breed of women golfers which has sprung up in this country. I refer to that band of petulant Portias who seldom get through a round without claiming at least one hole on some technical infraction, like calling their opponent for teeing up more than two club lengths behind the markers, or for marking the ball obscurely on the green. In their mischanneled passion for winning via the rule book and not via golf shots, they go to extremes that would be laughable if they weren't also so irritating. It is not at all unusual, for example, for one of these "keen competitors" to stand by silently



OUT OF BOUNDS OR NOT? THE FAIRWAY SCIENTISTS SWING INTO ACTION

for example, one astute contestant, who had played an approach into a water hazard, pointed out to an official that the bridge (an immovable obstruction) would interfere with his backswing on his next shot. Under the rules, he was entitled to lift and drop

when she sees that her opponent is going to play the wrong ball and then, after the shot has been struck, to step forward and considerately apprise her opponent that she is claiming the hole. No wonder mah jong is again making dangerous inroads! (F&W)

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TIP FROM THE TOP



especially for players
of slim build

from **GARDNER DICKINSON JR.**, Panama City, Fla.

If you are constructed like George Bayer—the last time I looked, George stood 6 feet 5 and weighed around 240—and are strong and well coordinated to boot, whipping the club through the ball at a tremendous speed calls for no extraordinary measures. You simply swing and it happens. On the other hand, slim fellows of medium height like myself really have to work to develop club-head speed.

Footwork is what will do it for the player of slim build, and that is what I give the bulk of my practice time to—developing the action with my feet and legs that will make up for my lack of brawn. On the backswing, in order to prevent any swaying and in order to store up maximum energy to release later, I push forward, to the inside, on the instep of my right foot. This helps you harness your power, but you must be sure you don't overdo it and tip forward with your trunk. Then, as sort of a corollary, on the downswing, I find it helps me to increase my club-head acceleration if I push forward with my right knee, pushing it toward the left knee as I am coming into the ball.

Plenty of practice is required before this type of footwork even begins to become second nature, but the added club-head speed produces added yardage that is more than worth all the hours you spend lowering the practice tees.



On backswing—pushing
forward on right instep

On downswing—pushing
forward with right knee

NEXT WEEK: FAY CROCKER ON RECOVERING YOUR TIMING

FOOTBALL: FOURTH WEEK

continued from page 14

to worry about in devising their defenses against the Sooner attack and 2) the veteran Oklahoma squad showed signs of boredom after three years of the same plays and needed something to sharpen the players' interest. They laughed and kidded as they learned the new, razzle-dazzle offense, but they learned it as thoroughly as they had the bread-and-butter attack off the split-T.

The last practice session at Norman was Thursday afternoon. The players hollered on the field and joked in the shower, but by Friday afternoon at Fort Worth, where they flew to spend the night, the tension had started to build. The team rode quietly in chartered buses to the hotel, quietly went to their assigned rooms for afternoon naps and finally showed up, dead as a doornail, for a squad meeting at 5:30. Wilkinson and the other coaches emerged grim following a half-hour session behind closed doors; after 20 more minutes of talk among themselves, the players walked out, pale, tense and silent and sat down to a funeral meal.

By Saturday afternoon, when the players were dressed and lying on the dressing-room floor waiting for the game to start, the silent tension was almost smothering. Wilkinson, watching quietly, said, "There's just no way you can play football without it, this tension. It's not a game you just go out and play, like a round of golf. You've got to be pretty well choked up to start."

The pent-up nervous energy exploded on the kickoff when McDonald, weaving in and out to get full use of the vicious blocking, brought the ball out from the Oklahoma two to the Texas 44. The Sooners never let up. The smoothly coordinated, strong surge of the line swept the stunting Texas defense aside, allowing McDonald and Thomas to probe deftly inside the tackles or sprint outside the ends. In three minutes Oklahoma had scored.

From then on everything worked just right. The pass defense, as expected, allowed no long gainers and came up with five interceptions. The Texas spreads were nullified, Funder contained. Wilkinson used all of his razzle-dazzle in the first half, so that the adjustments made by Texas at half time were useless.

In the second half the Sooners returned to their old, reliable split-T. The first two Oklahoma units played

57 minutes against a team which was whipped in the first quarter. Why? Simply winning a football game is no longer enough for this Oklahoma team. These proud champions feel that the only way they can give meaning to their long string of victories over weak teams is to wallop the victims as impressively as possible. "Everybody is watching us," says Co-captain Jerry Tubbs. "All we need is one bad Saturday—not even lose, just look bad—and they'll jump all over us. We go out to win, first. But then, in the back of our mind, we know what they're all saying about OU, and we hit a little bit harder so that at least the team we're playing against will know we're the best."

Indeed, Oklahoma may be the greatest college football team of all time. But because of the relatively weak opposition they face this year no one will ever be sure.

—TEX MAULE AND
WILLARD C. RAPPLEYE

MICHIGAN 48 ARMY 14

UP IN THE STANDS a wide-eyed coed stared at the scoreboard that registered the startling news: Michigan 48, Army 0, with a quarter left to play. Petulantly she poked her escort in the ribs. "Did they score or something while I was looking at my program?" she demanded reproachfully.

They had. With bleak perfection, Michigan was turning four Army fumbles and a bad punt into touchdowns and adding two more on solid drives.

Ignoring its T-formation plays, Michigan stuck to the old-fashioned single wing and gave a convincing demonstration of clean, crisp football. Crew-cut Terry Barr scampered for 60 yards in three carries on a weak-side reverse. Michigan's magnificent ends—Ron Kramer and Captain Tom Maentz—were brilliant. Kramer, a dark, silent giant, caught a 57-yard picture pass from Barr off the weak-side reverse to set up a touchdown. Maentz coolly removed the last Cadet defender with a scissor-sharp block on the thundering, 60-yard sprint up the middle by Fullback John Herrstein for another score.

Despite its 9 to 0 loss last week to tough Michigan State, Michigan obviously is still a team to be reckoned with in the Big Ten race.

—JAMES ATWATER

FOR MORE FOOTBALL, TURN PAGE



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PASS BLOCK by Stanford's Carl Isaacs (88) fells San Jose's Harvel Pollard, helps Stanford win 40-20.



LINE BUCK by UCLA Fullback Louis Elias is stopped at scrimmage by Washington State Guard John McPhee (66), but UCLA went on to win 28-0.



WISCONSIN CENTER Art Bloedorn crumples Iowa's Bill Happel after four-yard gain, but Iowa squeaked through 13-7.



NORTHWESTERN END Clifford Pearl (59) prepares to stop Minnesota Halfback Ken Bombardier (41) in scoreless tie.



FLYING OVER goal line and last-ditch tackle try by Notre Dame Captain Jim Morse, Purdue Substitute Back Bill Jennings

descends with his team's third touchdown in 28-14 upset, Jennings' four-yard scoring run came in third quarter, broke 14-14 tie

AFTERNOON



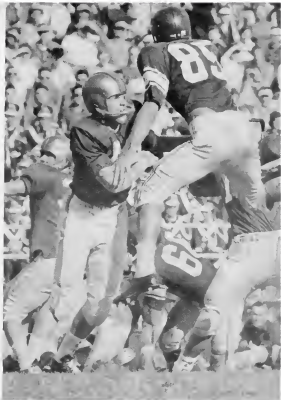
HARVARD'S Jim Joslin goes for a first down, later scored in upset of Cornell 32-7.



WEST VIRGINIA'S Joe Kopnisky muffs pass as Mountaineers lose to Syracuse 27-20.



TULANE HALFBACK Willie Hof follows Wilbur Truxclair (63) through the line in upset of Navy 21-6.



BAYLOR HALFBACK Bobby Peters tries to block Arkansas' Olan Burns (85) in mid-air as Burns goes up to stop Quarterback Doyle Traylor's pass. Baylor won 14-7.



MICHIGAN HALFBACK Jim Pace drives over Army line to score from one-yard line in first period. Wolverines were too much for Cadets by 48-14.

AROUND THE COUNTRY

by DON PARKER

THE PREVAILING THEME of last weekend's football was T without sympathy. The rich T-formation powers got richer by mortifying the poor, but heretofore respectable middle class. It was obvious at Ann Arbor, where Michigan was repolishing its slightly tarnished reputation at the expense of Army's self-respect. Oklahoma used the same unmerciful tactics in overrunning Texas before 75,504 sad-eyed Longhorn partisans (see page 12), while Ohio State and Michigan State rolled up unkind scores against their Big Ten opponents to remain unbeaten and untied and practically unchallenged in the Western Conference. Even Georgia Tech, which had previously seemed content to score just enough to win, turned vicious and flattened Louisiana State in a most unsympathetic manner. Mississippi and Tennessee, the other unbeaten mammoths of the Southeastern Conference, increased their national prestige with convincing victories over Vanderbilt and Chattanooga, respectively. Independent Miami reaffirmed its standing in football's high society at the expense of Maryland, a former member in good standing. The only hesitant note sounded by the nation's top elevens came from Texas A&M, which could do no better than tie a scrappy and ambitious Houston team. But this could not be construed as sympathy, since the Aggies might well have been thinking ahead to this weekend's showdown with TCU.

THE EAST

FOR EASTERN football fans who have been immersed in a sea of Ivy League mediocrity this season, Syracuse was an island of pride last Saturday when Coach Ben Schwartzwalder's Orange team beat powerful West Virginia 27-20 in a game more one-sided than the score indicates. Syracuse piled up 328 yards on the ground while holding the Mountaineers to a skimpy 80. Halfback Jimmy Brown once again staged an All-America show, scoring two touchdowns, setting up a third and making three placement attempts. The win erased some of the stain of the team's earlier loss to Pittsburgh, which had barely squeaked by West Virginia, 14-13 in their season opener.

The Ivy League had its surprise too. Harvard whacked Cornell 32-7 in the biggest upset of the day, while Columbia gave Yale trouble before bowing 33-19. Dartmouth bounced back from its loss to Penn with a 14-7 win over Brown, while Penn resumed its losing ways with a 34-0 loss to powerful Princeton.

Penn State exploded back into eastern prominence with a 42-0 win over Holy Cross. Nittany Coach Rip Engel poured in his second- and third-stringers in an attempt to hold down the score, but even the subs touched the Crusaders for 13 points.

Connecticut and Tufts, both ranked simply as good small-college teams, showed themselves worthy of higher praise. The Uconn smashed hapless Massachusetts 71-6 with an awesome display of ground power (439 yards rushing) that set a new Yankee conference record. Tufts, with wins over Bowdoin and Harvard, made it three in a row downing Trinity 33-20.

Boston University, only unbeaten member of New England's three major inde-

pendents (other two: Holy Cross and Boston College), held an explosive and beefy George Washington team to a 20-20 tie.

Lafayette remained untied and unbeaten with an easy 32-7 win over Albright, fourth straight for the Leopards. Other scores:

Albany 30, Lawrence 16	Harvard 7, Wesleyan 7
Amherst 30, Bowdoin 12	Mass 28, New Hampshire 7
Corn Tech 31, Dickinson 0	Middlebury 33, Lab Valley 7
Cornell 45, Rutgers 6	New Haven 31, 46, Stanford 7
Columbia 28, Princeton 7	Springfield 27, Colby 7
FAMU 28, Norfolk 6	Tampa 20, Savannah 20
Gettysburg 45, Western Maryland 0	W 23, Rhode Island 13
Hamden 10, Wesley 7	Williams 22, Middlebury 7

ally rolled past Chattanooga 42-20, with reserve Tailback Al Carter leading the way.

Injured Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen came off the bench and led Duke to a couple of quick touchdowns for a 14-6 win over Southern Methodist in a sloppy free-for-all marked by 13 fumbles, three pass interceptions and 26 penalty calls. At Chapel Hill, Georgia whipped hapless North Carolina 26-12. Wake Forest never got inside Clemson's 30-yard line as the Tigers rolled to a 17-0 victory that buoyed their Orange Bowl hopes. Halfback King Dixon sparked South Carolina (another Orange Bowl hopeful) out of the doldrums late in the game for a 27-23 victory over Virginia. North Carolina State lost its third straight as Florida State bottled the Wolfpack's multiple offense and won 14-0.

In the Southern Conference, Virginia Tech gave up an early touchdown but untracked later to wallop William and Mary 34-7. Davidson took a substandard Washington and Lee apout 48-6; and Halfback Bob Naylor ran wild (220 yards) for Lehigh to set a new single-game rushing record and help the Engineers to a 27-20 win over VMI. Other scores:

Wofford 10, Fairleigh 6	West-Idaho College 13, Shennense 9
Marion 13, Maryland 6	Howard (A&T) 120, Miami 29
Ramapo 21, The Citadel 3	Mont. Tech 26, Montana 12
Shenandoah 24, Trinity 6	W Va State 13, Bluefield 6
So. Cal. College 33, Va. 20 13	Rand. House 20, Bridgewater 6
L. Carolina 26, W. Carolina 10	Tennessee 42, Knoxville 18
Colorado 14, Appalachian 7	Shenandoah 26, So. Cal. A&T 6
Marquette 31, 45, Howard 9	J. Hopkins 14, Idaho-Syd 13

THE MIDWEST

OHIO STATE, defending Big Ten champion, and Northwestern, which ended up the 1955 season in the conference cellar, shared the Big Ten spotlight over the weekend—the first with a victory, the other with a tie. The Buckeye win, a 26-6 romp over Illinois, was their 14th straight in conference play and opened State's 1956 Big Ten season. Minnesota, rated at least two touchdowns better than Northwestern, was held to a scoreless tie by Ara Parseghian's new Wildcats.

With seven different players scoring its seven touchdowns, Michigan rebounded from its 9-0 defeat by Michigan State to crush a humbling, fumbling Army 48-14.

PRICE OF VICTORY

Texas Lutheran's victory bell, which hadn't sounded in more than two years, finally had its opportunity following a 27-6 win over East Central Oklahoma. But success was too much for the old hell. After one goal it shuddered in defeat and plunked from its 20-foot tower.

THE SOUTH

SCELDON has the farm chart held up so well on a football Saturday in Dixie. Only Tulane mildly surprised against Navy 21-6. The Midgies tilted in the 90° heat at New Orleans, but the big factors were the alert and efficient line play of the Green Wave and the superb quarterbacking of little Gene (Fig) Newton who led Tulane on cranking marches of 74, 65 and 59 yards for touchdowns. Mississippi successfully hurled stubborn Vanderbilt 16-0.

In other Southeastern Conference matches, Georgia Tech walloped crippled Louisiana State 39-7, and in a night game Auburn dumped Kentucky 13-0.

All-America Halfback Jim Swink faded into the background as his running mate Ken Winsburg ran 46 and 41 yards for touchdowns in Texas Christian's 33-6 victory over Ainsbome, while Fullback Joe Bredsky did virtually all the damage on a 41-yard march that brought Florida a 7-0 triumph over Rice.

Playing without the injured Johnny Majors, Tennessee started slowly but eventu-

Michigan State finally shifted its multiple offense into high gear, blasted winless Indiana 55-6. Spartan Coach Duffy Daugherty used 50 players in the landslide. Purdue gave Notre Dame its second defeat in three tries 28-14. It looks like a long season for Coach Terry Brennan with Michigan State and Oklahoma coming up in the next two weeks.

Iowa punched over two touchdowns within five minutes to beat Wisconsin 13-7 and remain undefeated.

While Oklahoma was off on outside business, most of the Big Seven played conference games but gained no ground. Nebraska, with a chance to move ahead of the Sooners in the race for the Big Seven title, fell before Kansas State 10-7 on a 35-yard, third-quarter field goal by Hallback Ben

test that saw the Razorbacks lose the ball seven times on fumbles.

In a Border Conference match, Texas Western downed Arizona 28-6 in a riotous brawl involving players and spectators alike. West Texas State, rolling to its fourth straight victory, handed Texas Tech its fourth straight loss 34-14, at Lubbock. Other scores:

McMurry 14, N. Mexico A&M 12. S. W. Texas 27, San Jose 9.
S. W. La. 47, Corpus Christi 34. N. Texas 12, S. F. Austin 8.
No. Tex. 32, 34, Midwestern 7. Lamar Tech 20, 0. Tex. 51, 7.
San Houston 18, Texas A&I 14. Arizona 25, Quindaro (Ark.) 17.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

UTAH AND WYOMING, undefeated in Skyline Conference play, set the stage for their "big one" at Laramie this Saturday by their victories last week.

Utah, the September choice for Skyline honors, beat Denver 27-13 at Salt Lake on superior speed and power.

Coach Phil Dickens of Wyoming nearly realized his worst fear—losing to perennial jinx New Mexico as his flat and endless Wyoming eleven staggered to a 20-13 win over the Lobos. The twin wins set the stage for the coming conference title battle.

Utah State put across two fourth-period touchdowns to send Montana State to a 27-13 Skyline setback. Until then, Montana State partisans saw the two teams match touchdown for touchdown to a 13-13 tie after three periods.

Coach Buck Shaw's precisionlike Air Force Academy ground out its third straight victory by humbling Western State 49-13 at Denver. The Falcons, who have averaged 49 points per game, were in great form as they rolled up 485 yards and 27 first downs. Other scores:

Omaha 9, Idaho State 0. Eastern Wash. 8, Mont. State 6.
Montana State 11, Col. St. 8. East. N. Mex. 12, Col. of Idaho 7.
Col. Coll. 24, Col. Mines 12. N. Mex. High 14, S. Mex. West 6.

THE FAR WEST

WARMINGTON STATE'S Jim Sutherland—the man that gregarious Harvey Knox says is the best coach in football—fared

Red Sanders' weakest UCLA team in years, and Sutherland was soundly licked 28-6. Sanders used a four-man line in anticipation of the big Washington State passing game, which had scored a minimum of four touchdowns in each of the team's first three games. Sutherland tried to cross up the old master by running the ball in the first half, but his line was no match for Sanders' four linemen—Tackles Jerry Penner and Preston Dills, Guards Esker Harris and Don Burm. Nor could his passers fool the Bruin secondary in the second half. Maybe Harvey Knox knows not whereof he so frequently speaks.

Oregon State showed an instinct for the regular when the team called time out with two seconds to go so they could add an insurance touchdown against California in a game they had already sewed up by a single point. Final was 21-13, leaving State the top rival to Stanford for Rose Bowl consideration.

Washington recovered five of seven Oregon fumbles which turned an otherwise even game into a 20-7 Husky victory at Seattle.

Crippled Idaho, down to 29 active players, took a dreadful drubbing from Arizona State at Moscow 41-0. The Vandals crossed the 50 yard line only three times.

Stanford won easily from San Jose State 40-30. All-American Candidate John Brody passed 24 times, completed 13 for 159 yards. On the first play after the second-half kickoff he was taken out with an injury that required four stitches over his right eye. Even so, he returned in the third quarter to supervise a 64-yard touchdown march.

College of the Pacific pushed across a fourth-period tally to nip stubborn Fresno State 21-14. San Diego State traveled north to San Luis Obispo to eke out a 7-6 win over California Poly. Whittier whitewashed University of California at Riverside 69-6, and Long Beach swept over Pepperdine 26-12. Other scores:

Pomona 22, Cal Tech 7. Lewis and Clark 21, Willamette 0.
San. St. 24, San. Fran. 28, 7. Pac. Lutheran 19, Central Wash. 13.
Chico State 6, Nevada 1. East Oregon 25, Oregon Tech 11.
Cal. Ag. 23, 35, 28, 26. West. Wash. 7, But. Cal. 9.
Fresno 54, 15, 14, 14, 14. Idaho 27, 27, 27, 27, 27, 27.
Eastern Wash. 27, Whittier 8. So. Ore. 12, Portland State 6.



GENTLE FOOTBALL

Undoubtedly the most delicate tackle of the week was produced by Washington State's Dick Windham (35), but it was still enough to jar the hall horse from UCLA Halfback Don Long.

Grosse. Kansas tumbled a fumbling Iowa State 25-14, while Colorado went outside the league to bomb Colorado A&M 47-7, mainly on the strength of a 26-point second quarter. Missouri plastered North Dakota State 42-0 for its first win of the season. Other scores:

Xavier 34, Cincinnati 14. Carroll 34, Elmhorst 8.
Wichita 18, Central 12. N. Wyoming 14, North Central 13.
Ohio Wesleyan 23, Akron 27. Kent State 27, Ohio S. 22.
Miami (O.) 21, Marshall 14. Western 39, Duquesne 7.
Shelby 16, Northern 18, 7. North St. 24, State 12.
Shelby 22, Argonne 29. Tulsa 14, Oklahoma A&M 14.

THE SOUTHWEST

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE football teams, after three weeks of prosperity, saw the depression hit hard Saturday. Texas, Southern Methodist and Rice toppled, Texas A&M was tied. Only Texas Christian, which bludgeoned Alabama, fully upheld the area's prestige. Until last week the conference had won 14, lost three interconference games.

Tommy McDonald scored three touchdowns and rushed for 146 yards as Oklahoma mauled Texas 45-0, the worst licking a Texas team has received from its neighbor in 48 years. Upstart Houston battled vaunted Texas A&M to a 14-14 standstill before 67,000. An 11th-hour Aggie drive, which had carried 90 yards to the Houston one, was turned back, with 30 seconds to go.

Baylor topped Arkansas 14-7, in a con-

FAIGE COTHREN, Mississippig fullback, put the "foot" back in football with a Southeastern Conference record of three field goals against Vanderbilt. On the other hand, in the Purdue-Notre Dame game there was only one punt.

JUNIATA'S four-season, 25-game winning streak ended with a 13-6 loss to Lycoming, while College of Emporia stretched its streak to 30 with a 28-0 win over McPherson.

VITAL STATISTICS: Kickoffs were returned—98 yards (Chuck Bracy, Cornell College); 95 yards (Jim Sarane, Marquette) and 94 yards (John Henry, New Haven.)

MARYLAND students decorated their new library with a sign reading: "We'll swap this building for one good quarterback."

CALIFORNIA WESTERN opened and closed the year's shortest football season, lost its only scheduled game 28-8 to California Baptist Seminary.

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

For Games of
Saturday, Oct. 20

• **Texas A&M vs. Texas Christian.** Tough Aggies tied by hot Houston. Horned Frogs untied, undefeated and untied. Statistics, Swink and common sense say TCU. A lone, stubborn voice crying in the wilderness. **TEXAS A&M.**

• **Southern California vs. Washington.** First five or final five games, Trojans have most manpower on Coast. Huskies have potential. Still . . . **USC.**

• **Notre Dame vs. Michigan State.** Defensively Irish disappointing. Spartans' offense and defense seismographing. Notre Dame will rise again but . . . **MSU.**

• **Duke vs. Pittsburgh.** Powerful Panthers, the pride of the East, tested and groomed. Blue Devils emerged from purgatory with win over Southern Methodist. If Jurgensen is ready, **DUKE.**

• **Michigan vs. Northwestern.** Rebranded Wildcats will win another one but not with **WOLFE.** **MICHIGAN.**

• **Wisconsin vs. Purdue.** Battling Badgers are a threat but Boilermakers are bruising and Len Dawson devastating. **PURDUE.**

• **Ohio State vs. Penn State.** Nitwazy Lions loaded but Buckeyes better. Outside upset chance. **OHIO STATE.**

• **Wyoming vs. Utah.** Skyline summit at stake. Cowboys corners but Utes have arrived. **UTAH.**

• **Syracuse vs. Army.** Orangemen out to make it two in a row over Army. Fumbling Cadets come back. **ARMY.**

• **Washington State vs. Oregon State.** Cougars can pass but young Beavers are tried, tested and not found wanting. **OREGON STATE.**

ALSO

Miami over Georgia (Oct. 19)

California over UCLA

Harvard over Columbia

Georgia Tech over Auburn

Mississippi over Tulane

Navy over Cincinnati

Maryland over North Carolina

Oklahoma over Kansas

Stanford over Oregon

Princeton over Colgate

Southern Methodist over Rice

Tennessee over Alabama

Yale over Cornell

Minnesota over Illinois

Houston over Oklahoma A&M

Last week's hunches:

18 right, 5 wrong, 2 ties

Record to date: 50-17-3

THE PROS by TEX MAULE

THE QUIET peace of Sunday afternoon has been shaken of late by sizable tremors; seismograph needles across the U.S. should already have recorded the disturbances—which are caused not by any phenomena of nature but simply because the pro football teams are running again.

Last Sunday the big Chicago Bears loosed 225-pound Fullback Rick Casares on the San Francisco 49ers in the wake of some awesome bully-boy blocking. The Bears, using the pass only to prevent the 49ers from stacking their defense, gained 397 yards on the ground, only 85 in the air. Elsewhere, the New York Giants ran for 256 yards, passed for only 74 in stopping the Browns, and the Chicago Cardinals depended on their fine running to beat

the Redskins. All over the league, running began to dominate passing.

"We are getting more runners from colleges since the split-T became popular," explained New York Giant Coach Jim Lee Howell. "Then, too, for several years the pro defenses have been stacked to stop passes. Nearly everyone has been using a four-man line with seven men deep to stop the pass. So, naturally, we run more."

The pendulum may soon, of course, swing the other way when the pros readjust their defenses to stop the running, but until they do, the seismographs will record minor earthquakes each Sunday with the impact of giant on giant (see below) as those fleet and hefty pro runners crunch through the line behind the battering blocking.



RIPPING THROUGH middle of Cleveland line, Mel Triplett, Giants' fullback, heads for a collision with Browns' Chuck Noll. Ken Konz (22) aided in the tackle.



BURSTING THROUGH a knot of Redskins, Card Fullback Johnny Olszewski (36) seen daylight, but Linebacker Chuck Drennonovich made tackle good, stopped play.

EASTERN CONFERENCE

THE Chicago Cardinals, benefit of their communications system in the unfriendly confines of Griffith Stadium, shuffled ends back and forth industriously with commensurates from the bench to beat the Washington Redskins, 31-3. Halfback Ollie Matson, regarded by most pro coaches as the best runner in the business, returned a kickoff 105 yards for a touchdown and gained 69 yards in six tries from scrimmage as the Cardinal split-T attack continues to pick up momentum. Lamar McHan, who was never very comfortable as a straight-T quarterback, handles the split-T marvelously well. He is a strong, hard runner and, while his passing is not always good enough to implement the heavy air attack of the straight T, it is more than adequate for split-T maneuvering. McHan threw only nine passes against the Redskins, completing four. Frank Bernardi's 96-yard punt return was just icing on the cake for the winners. The Redskins, possessed of what must be one of the smallest backfields in pro history, found no running room at all through the burly Cardinal defense. The victory kept the Cards undefeated.

The New York Giants, beating the Cleveland Browns 21-9 behind tremendous blocking, intercepted both a pass and Coach Paul Brown's sideline broadcast, proving that the Brown defense is not capable of carry-

ing the load alone even with the coach's voice in its ears. The Giants, who had set up a receiver on their side, tuned in on Brown and shouted warnings to their defense until Brown gave up in disgust. Fullback Mel Triplett thundered inside the Brown tackles throughout the first half, then, when Coach Paul Brown adjusted his defense to close that avenue, Triplett thundered up the middle without the ball while the Giant halfbacks scamped around the undermanned flanks. "Triplett is doing a terrific job of running and blocking for us," Coach Jim Lee Howell said after the game. "We're getting great blocking in the line, too. We grade our players on each game by studying moves. Against the Chicago Cardinals, Roosevelt Brown got 91% of his blocks and we have always considered 75% very good."

The Philadelphia Eagles dealt the electric age and the Pittsburgh Steelers a 35-21 setback at Forbes Field. The Steelers' bad Quarterback Ted Marchibroda wired for sound, but the furious charge of the Eagle defensive line short-circuited the Steeler offense. "All I could hear was a buzzing in my ears," said Marchibroda. The Steelers discarded automation in the second half and rallied sharply, but not enough to catch the Philadelphia.

	W	L	T	Pct.		W	L	T	Pct.
Cardinals	3	0	0	1.000	Steelers	1	2	0	.333
Giants	2	1	0	.667	Browns	1	2	0	.333
Eagles	2	1	0	.667	Redskins	0	3	0	.000

WESTERN CONFERENCE

THE Detroit Lions, who fattened for years on the exploits of SMU Halfback Doak Walker, edged by the Los Angeles Rams, 24-21, by virtue of the running of another SMU halfback last Sunday. Don McIlhenny, a 195-pound rookie, scored two Lion touchdowns; the Rams, discarding veteran Quarterback Norman Van Brocklin for Bill Wade, scored three touchdowns in the second half with Wade's passes to Elroy Hirsch accounting for scoring plays of 29 and 76 yards. The Lions, who were supposed to finish in the second division, are still undefeated, and, with rookies like McIlhenny and Hopalong Cassidy gaining maturity rapidly, must now be considered the team most likely to succeed in the Western Conference.

The Chicago Bears, joined the ranks of the electronically controlled and rumbled roughed over the San Francisco 49ers 31-7. "This whole thing got started back in 1951," said Owner George Halas, who agrees with other knowledgeable pros that the radio system works best on defense. "Admiral Dan Galkery wrote a short story for The Saturday Evening Post in which he equipped a Navy football team with receivers, allowing them to upset Army. We started working on the idea right away and so did everyone else." In addition to their radio, the Bears used a truly great running attack to humble the 49ers. Bobby Watkins, Rick Casares and Rookie Perry Jetz piled up most of the 387 yards the Bears moved on the ground. "Two years ago we

led the league in passing, but couldn't run," Halas explained. "Then we worked hard on running, and last year we led the league in that department. Now we have both passing and running." Ed Brown, the Bear quarterback, has developed slowly in the last two years, but now he is a really top-grade pro quarterback. And the addition of Rookie Tackles M. L. Breckett and John Mellekas has made the Bear line a more than reasonable replica of some of Halas' earlier bone crushers.

The Green Bay Packers provided the upset of the week by whipping the Baltimore Colts 38-33. Tobin Rote passed twice to End Gary Knaflke for touchdowns and twice scored himself, but the tide-turner for the Packers was Bobby Dillon's interception of a Colt pass in the third quarter. Dillon hurried it back 65 yards for a touchdown. The Colts' Carl Yasef unreeled a 90-yard punt return for a touchdown in the third quarter, but it was not enough.

	W	L	T	Pct.		W	L	T	Pct.
Lions	3	0	0	1.000	Rams	1	2	0	.333
Bears	2	1	0	.667	49ers	1	2	0	.333
Colts	1	2	0	.333	Packers	1	2	0	.333

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

3—Loren, John C. Zimmerman 36, 22—drawings by Aug. 49 41—Benny Jaron 42—Wallace Rutland 43—men he had by 44, 45—Bob Spillane 46 48—Bud Lewis 50 52 A. F. England 53 A. F. 51—George Levens, John Baskin-Gallagher, Guy Co. Conner, A. F. Sowers 54 55—Drew Johnson 56—Dale Downer 57—Rosauro Chavez 58—Reggie Ann, Angley, Tami, Jack Baskin-Dar 59—Lester Rogers, Earl Snider-Memphis 60 and 61—A. F. 62—A. F. 63—Glenzie-Glenzie, A. F. 64 65, 67—1917 68—71—Morris Schofield 72—captain Tuckey 73—drawings by Mary Schaefer 80—Bob Brodie-John Jones

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Nashua ran a brilliant farewell at Belmont, then passed the torch to Bold Ruler, his kinsman in

A RULING DYNASTY

THERE is something very wonderful and heart-warming about the sport of Thoroughbred racing when a crowd of nearly 40,000 can bring itself to rise in spontaneous applause for a job well done. When it happened at Belmont last Saturday it proved that horse-players can be just as sentimental at heart as a white-tied audience rising either to salute the farewell performance of a noted conductor or to hail the first starring role of a youthful prodigy.

In a way the happenings at Belmont were unique in American turf history, for there may never have been a day before this beautiful clear blue afternoon when the center of attraction was so steadily focused on five singularly different individuals: two distinguished men and three royally bred race horses.

In the foreground stood Nashua, an old campaigner at 4 years of age, stepping haughtily before his audience for the 30th and last race of his career. Waiting patiently in the barn for the most severe test of his young life was another bay, darker than Nashua and smaller, too. His name: Bold Ruler (SI, May 14). Both were ridden by Eddie Arcaro, both were trained by 82-year-old Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons;

and 600 miles away at Claiborne Farm, Paris, Ky., a 16-year-old stallion named Nasrullah (SI, Nov. 1, 1954) had good reason to bust out all over with pride. The reason: he was the sire of both Nashua and Bold Ruler, and of four other starters in two of the year's traditionally grueling tests for champions.

Before the running of the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup for 3-year-olds and upward, followed by The Futurity at six and a half furlongs down the Widener chute (for 2-year-olds only), you could sense the excitement. Not many people said it outright, but most of them felt like saying it: "It would be wonderful for Mr. Fitz if Nashua went out in a blaze of glory." A lot of them added, "Nicer yet if Bold Ruler won for him too."

Through all this contagious emotion Mr. Fitz sat quietly sunning himself outside the jockeys' quarters, while upstairs Arcaro breezed through a card game with Conn McCreary. "Both colts are as ready as they'll ever be," said Sunny Jim. "If they're beaten we'll have no excuses."

No excuses were needed last Saturday for Sunny Jim, Arcaro, Nashua or Bold Ruler. They all won everything

within sight. Nashua went into his retirement (which will become official with a parade in the colors of Leslie B. Combs II at Keeneland this week) in a dramatic race in which he led nearly every step of the way to set a new track and American record of 9:20 2/5. Mister Gas, his conqueror in the Woodward two weeks ago, was fourth this time, trailing the 3-year-olds, Riley and Third Brother.

Half an hour later Arcaro was back at it again, now in the yellow and purple silks of Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps's Wheatley Stable. Bold Ruler, winner of six of his seven previous starts (his only loss being to Nashville after more than a three-month layoff) was, as Arcaro put it, "suddenly a different colt than I'd ever known him. He's usually bad at the gate and fidgety getting to it. Today he was loose and limber as a dishrag on the way up and then perfectly behaved at the start." With him in the gate were most of the best youngsters still in training—among them Nashville.

A little over a minute later (1:15 1/5 to be exact) Bold Ruler had made them all look vastly inferior as he went across the finish two and a quarter lengths in front of Greek Game, with Amarullah, Iron Liegeand Cohoes trailing. Nashville, said his jockey, Ismael Valenzuela, "gave it a run for five-eighths, then gave up."

Bold Ruler now stands alone at the top of the 2-year-old division even though he has yet to meet such present New Jersey residents as Calumet's undefeated Barbiron, California Kid and Prince Khaled—all of whom may turn up to challenge him in The Garden State on October 27. "I wouldn't want to start comparing him to Nashua yet," says Arcaro, "but one difference between the two is that when you move on Bold Ruler he'll go by and beat anything up front. Like he likes to win and doesn't have to be driven to it."

This day of achievement and glory, for all the fame it brought to Bold Ruler, nonetheless still belonged to Nashua—for the last time. His record of earning \$1,288,565 through 22 wins in 30 starts will—in this day of inflationary purses—undoubtedly be broken. I don't think I could express a better farewell to a horse or estimate his value as a good-will ambassador for racing any more appropriately than by quoting Eddie Arcaro once more: "Nashua went out big. He was a credit to the sport."

ANOTHER CHAMPION GOES OUT OF ACTION

Swaps's first eastern campaign was tragically ended by a sudden halt last week when the great California 4-year-old suffered two linear fractures of the cannon bone in his left hind leg during a workout at Garden State. Most horsemen doubt that Swaps will ever race again, but Trainer Mieh Tenney, who pinpointed the trouble spot and initiated his diagnosis in this drawing, had this optimistic report at week's end: "If he gets through the next few weeks without aggravating the injury again he should be all right. I think he has better than an even chance to return to training early next year."



FOR NASHUA IN ONE OF THE LAST LAUGHS OF HIS FINE RACING CAREER, TURN TO PAGE 28

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PRICELESS JOKE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT RIGGS

WHETHER horses are endowed with intelligence or not is a point of long-standing controversy. The photograph above, however, would seem to indicate that horses do possess a sense of humor. So, at least, is the contention of loyal, kindly-faced Groom Al Robertson, who has just finished telling a joke to a horse he nicknamed Mickey. Mickey's real name: Nashua, the retiring money-winning champion.



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THE VANDERBILT STORY: PART II



DEFENDER VANDERBILT AND CHALLENGER T.O.M. SOPWITH IN 1924 CUP SERIES

THE CLOUDED VICTORY

A challenge from T.O.M. Sopwith; 'Rainbow's' difficult debut; her first defeats; the famous 'protest race'; storm over Newport; the historical record; the battle to revise the rules, and acceptance at last

by GEORGE PLIMPTON

TWENTY-TWO years ago a new blue-hulled sloop of the J boat class arrived under jury rig in Newport waters after a transatlantic trip for a month of racing. Her skipper's main objective was to see to it that a tall trophy known as the America's Cup—then on display in Tiffany's window—was packed up, crated and shipped back to England, where it hadn't been since 1851. *Euxineur*, the sloop was called, and she represented the Royal Yacht Squadron of England in the 15th challenge by foreign yachtsmen for a trophy successfully defended since it was brought to this country by the yacht *America* and placed in international competition in 1857. Watching her in practice spins off Newport, American yachtsmen could see that she was cer-

tainly the fastest challenger ever to compete for the Cup.

Her skipper was Thomas Octave Murdock Sopwith, called Tom from the contraction of his initials. He was a famed British aviator, yachtsman and aircraft manufacturer who had produced the Sopwith Camel, the pursuit plane familiar to every flier on the Western Front during the First World War. His 1934 racing season with *Euxineur* was Sopwith's second visit to this country as a competitor. In 1912 at Huntington, Long Island, he won the Harnsworth speedboat trophy from the U.S. driving *Maple Leaf IV*. As an aviator he had barnstormed Long Island in air shows in 1911, and on one occasion is said to have

continued on next page

VANDERBILT STORY

continued from page 67

tried dropping a dummy mailbag on an outgoing Cunard liner, a target he missed by a considerable margin.

Sopwith was relatively new to J boats, and with him aboard *Endeavour* was a partly amateur crew. Her professional crew had struck for higher wages just before she crossed the Atlantic for Newport. An agreement could not be reached with most of them, and the vacancies were filled by volunteer amateurs—a combination which in the Cup races was almost always seconds behind the opposing crew in executing equivalent maneuvers. But despite the fact that her performance was thus affected, the English had not only the fastest boat to challenge for the Cup but one which outclassed the American defender, the New York Yacht Club syndicate yacht *Rainbow*, whose skipper and part owner was Harold S. Vanderbilt.

Rainbow was built in the winter of 1933-34, differing from her predecessor *Enterprise* in that, as a result of rule changes since 1930 to do away with "racing machines," she was fitted for cruising. Her crew lived aboard. Her mast was heavier and stronger, her sails were trimmed and backstays set up by winches located on deck. Only her centerboard winch was below and—unlike *Enterprise*, the "robot yacht"—no "black gang" toiled below to help work the yacht.

Rainbow was selected to defend the Cup after a barrowing series with a Yankee vastly improved since 1930 by a new and sharper bow and more efficient headsails that increased her sail horsepower. Vanderbilt had defeated her decisively in the 1930 trial runs with *Enterprise*, but during the early summer of 1934 *Rainbow* had not won a race against her, losing 10 in a row to Charles Francis Adams, the famous amateur who skippered the Cup defender *Resolute* in 1920. Vanderbilt didn't seem to have a chance of being selected to defend against Sopwith's *Endeavour*. During the tow into Newport after losing their 10th straight race, *Rainbow*'s afterguard was dejected, her crew discouraged and her skipper faced what he describes as "the low point of my racing career." He had to sail for an Astor Cup the next day, for a King's Cup the day after, and compete in the final series, the trial races, a few days later. Almost in desperation, he added five tons of pig lead to *Rainbow*'s ballast to increase her stability. Fortunately, the remedy

worked, and *Rainbow* won both the Astor and King's Cup races decisively. Heartened, her crew felt they had at least an even chance for selection.

The five trial races that followed were among the hardest fought of any in Vanderbilt's career. When the selection committee finally picked *Rainbow* to defend the Cup its members admitted to themselves that she was probably not as fast as Yankee, but that Vanderbilt's skill in working her to victories in four of the five trial races, winning the last one over a 30-mile course by three feet, qualified him to defend against Sopwith and the British challenger. Vanderbilt still shakes his head remembering the tension he was under that August nearly a quarter of a century ago.

THERE was no letup in tension in the Cup races themselves. In fact, the series was among the most hotly contested in the history of the America's Cup. An enormous fleet was on hand to watch the first race, the contenders tacking slowly down between two walls of yachts on what seemed an avenue of New York sprung from Atlantic waters, so towering and congested were

the spars and superstructures of the spectator fleet—a Saturday swarm of excursion steamers, pleasure craft and sailing yachts, almost 500 in number, among them Vincent Astor's *Nourmahal*, with President Franklin D. Roosevelt aboard. Airplanes were in such number and so low-flying that commands aboard the competitors often went unheard. To the disappointment of thousands who had come to see the race, the breeze was so light that neither competitor was able to cross the finish line within the 5½-hour time limit prescribed for windward and leeward Cup races. Vanderbilt's *Rainbow* was a half mile ahead of *Endeavour* and within 700 yards of the finish line and the congestion of the spectator fleet when the signal ball on the committee boat dropped to indicate no race. But what was in essence a practice sail was of particular value to *Endeavour*, whose partly amateur crew was in need of all the trial spins it could get, especially under Cup racing conditions.

Two days later, in the official first race, Sopwith, flying a more efficient parachute spinnaker, brought *Endeavour* from behind to win over *Rainbow*.

THE BRITISH CHALLENGER: "ENDEAVOUR," CLOSE-HAULED, KNIFE THROUGH CHOPPY SEA



by two minutes and nine seconds, the first win of a challenging yacht over a defender since Lipton's *Shamrock IV* won the second race of the 1920 series against Charles Francis Adams and his *Resolute*. The British press was ecstatic. The news sent the town of Gosport, England, the home of the Cup challenger, into a night-long celebration.

The British had more to cheer about the next day when Sopwith won again to go two up on Vanderbilt, with what definitely seemed the faster boat. *Endeavour* never relinquished a lead she gained after sailing through *Rainbow*'s lee at the start, winning ultimately by 51 seconds. The odds went to 3 to 1 against Vanderbilt's chances for a successful Cup defense.

The crucial third race took place on Sept. 20 in a light northeasterly breeze which had hauled to the east by the time the yachts reached the leeward mark. It was a race Vanderbilt had to win or go three down to Sopwith, with slim chance against the faster boat of winning the four races in a row which would be necessary to retain the Cup. America's fading hopes were upheld by the knowledge that Vanderbilt is at his best when the pressure is on and the going toughest. Faced with defeat he simply fights harder.

BUT the third race began inauspiciously for him. After the start *Endeavour* walked slowly away downwind in the light breeze until, turning the outer mark for the 15-mile beat home, she was more than 6½ minutes ahead of the defender. When Vanderbilt rounded the mark nearly a mile of open water separated the two boats. With *Endeavour* continuing to show superior speed, observers and sailing experts in the spectator fleet conceded the race to Sopwith, and in New York, in touch by radio, the odds against Vanderbilt's winning the series soared on the floor of the still-open stock exchange with few takers.

Within 30 minutes, however, the picture had changed. Still ahead but perceptibly closer and fallen well to leeward was *Endeavour*, suffering in the doldrums of a glassy patch of sea. As *Rainbow* slowly closed the gap, everyone on board, the crew lying flat along the lee rail, stayed silent and frozen in their places to let the sails "sleep"—in that delicate moment when they barely hold to a faint breeze.

Looking astern at *Rainbow*'s advance, the disturbed Sopwith made two tactical errors. First, much to the delight of *Rainbow*'s afterguard, he tacked, presumably to catch *Rain-*



THE DEFENDER, "RAINBOW," BEATING TO WINDWARD, SHOWS OFF HER LONG, SLIM LINES

bow's breeze when he could probably have fetched the still-invisible finish line without tacking; then he crossed *Rainbow*'s bow and tacked on her wind to blanket her, instead of on her lee to backwind her. His blanketing attempt failed, *Rainbow* sailed through his lee and backwinded Sopwith enough to force him to tack twice again—first to clear his wind and then to head for the finish.

These first and second tacks cost Sopwith the race, and he ultimately lost to *Rainbow* by three minutes and 26 seconds. He had made four tacks on the last leg to Vanderbilt's none, tactics which came in for heavy criticism in the British and American press. Some critics noted that it almost looked as if *Endeavour* were being de-

liberately mishandled to allow *Rainbow* to win. One British reporter suggested of *Endeavour*'s maneuvers that pipe-smoking Sopwith had run out of matches and had come about to fetch a supply from Vanderbilt.

Vanderbilt himself believes that Sopwith—more familiar with the fresher breezes in English waters—did not realize that his blanketing attempt in that light breeze was doomed to failure, since a J boat, turning majestically but painfully slowly under such conditions, loses so much way in tacking that it takes the great yacht sometimes as much as five minutes sailing with a hard full to regain full way.

Following his defeat in the third race, Sopwith exercised his right to

continued on next page

VANDERBILT STORY

continued from page 63

request a lay day—time used by Vanderbilt to good advantage. True, Vanderbilt had won the third race, but not impressively—rather through his opponent's mistakes than his own ability—and typically he felt that he had to improve Rainbow. As medicine, he added two more tons of lead ballast to further increase stability, and, to counteract Rainbow's unimpressive downwind performance, he persuaded Frank C. Paine, the *Yankee's* expert on parachute spinnakers, to join Rainbow's afterguard. Paine brought with him *Yankee's* best parachute spinnaker and assumed sole command of the selection and trim of all spinnakers. Both decisions were important. Rainbow was a faster yacht with the added ballast, and her downwind performance improved to such an extent that Vanderbilt calls Paine the "Savior of the America's Cup, 1934."

Paine had no chance to display his ability with parachute spinnakers in the fourth race, a triangular affair that Rainbow won by one minute and 15 seconds. Even if the wind had favored setting a parachute—a huge balloon of a sail requiring at least 10 men constantly on the alert to trim its various sheets, guys and lifts—the attention of the spectator fleet at the finish would have been riveted not to the spinnaker but to a little red piece of cloth, about a foot square in area, fluttering from Endeavour's rigging—the Sopwith protest flag signifying that in his opinion he had been fouled during the race.

Sopwith protested on two counts: the first stated that he had been fouled at the start, and the second that Rainbow, after rounding his first mark, had refused to respond to his luff, thereby forcing Endeavour to bear away to avoid a collision. ("She luffs me, she luffs me not," one wag reporter described it.)

After lengthy deliberation the race committee of the New York Yacht Club decided not to entertain either count of the protest because a racing rule in both America and England requires that the protest flag be flown "promptly." Sopwith did not display his until three hours after the first alleged foul and nearly two hours after the second.

The reaction to the race committee ruling was what might have been expected. Sopwith acknowledged receipt of the race committee's decision with a short, laconic note: "... I regret to note that your committee refuses to

hear Endeavour's protest . . . owing to my not having complied with a very trivial technical formality regarding the time my protest flag was flying."

The press, which had had a field day with Sopwith on his tactics in the third race, rushed to his support. They went into high gear with the accusation that the New York Yacht Club had taken advantage of a technicality and sealawyered its way out of facing a difficult decision. "Britannia may rule the waves," shouted the press, "but America waives the rules," and the resultant squabble and the insults hurled at the New York Yacht Club, and in a lesser degree at Vanderbilt, reached such proportions that one observer has stated since that if the burning of the liner *Marco Castle* and the capture of Bruno Hauptmann in the Lindbergh case hadn't monopolized the nation's front pages in the following days, the press would have blown the matter up into a full-scale international incident. Even among responsible yachtsmen the debate raged. Some members of the New York Yacht Club canceled their subscriptions to *Yachting*, the venerable yachting magazine, for taking a pro-Sopwith view. One yachtsman recently recalled letting a Bronx cheer float across at Vora, Vanderbilt's motor yacht, as she steamed down Long Island Sound after the Cup series. He doesn't recall the circumstances of his outrage. But, even now, many yachtsmen hold views—emotional and factual—as widely opinionated on yacht racing's *cause célèbre* as were heard throughout the fall of 1934.

To the public mind it seemed that had the protest been heard Rainbow's victory might have been awarded to Endeavour. But the press and the public reaction would have been quite different had the race committee immediately justified its actions. Actually the committee did not publish its official report until some months later, long after the storm in the press had subsided and the protest had ceased to be news. That report revealed for the first time that had a hearing been held on the merits of the case itself the yacht disqualified would not have been Rainbow but Endeavour; that Vanderbilt had been fouled, not Sopwith, and that not only were there photographs to prove it but also members of the race committee aboard the committee boat had seen the incident occur right under their noses. The photograph printed on page 72, taken about a minute before the start and showing the yachts in imminent dan-

ger of collision, appeared in the race committee's report. To a yachtsman it would indicate that both yachts are sailing free (note flags on committee boat) on opposite tacks and meeting at almost right angles, with the white-hulled Rainbow on the starboard tack. The racing rules then, as now, provided that the starboard tack yacht, in this instance Rainbow, had the right of way. Vanderbilt, knowing that Endeavour was obligated to keep clear and expecting her to do so, held his course until (by chance, as the camera clicked) to avoid a collision he suddenly had to bear away, jibe and luff as smartly as possible under the bow of an Endeavour which refused to yield. Note that Rainbow's entire crew is in action and that her port backstay has been tautened enough to indent the lee side of her mainsail—indications that the crew was responding to Vanderbilt's terse warning command: "Jibing." But the yachts were so close together when Vanderbilt started with helm hard over to make his 90° left turn that a collision would have resulted at the completion of his turn had not Sopwith finally borne away a point.

The fact that he had to bear away gave Sopwith his excuse for protesting Rainbow at the start. The race committee was convinced, however, that Rainbow's jibe and luff were necessary to avoid a serious collision, so convinced, in fact, that full notes were made on the situation in anticipation of a Vanderbilt protest.

But Vanderbilt did not protest. Prior to the races he had agreed with the America's Cup committee that as a matter of policy he would avoid protests, and since he had outmaneuvered Sopwith and won the start handsomely he did not hoist his protest flag. Had Sopwith hoisted his flag at the start as the rules required, Vanderbilt undoubtedly would have done the same. In that event, or had the race committee taken the initiative and called a hearing on the foul they had seen—which they had a right to do under the racing rules—Endeavour would have been disqualified at the start. The second count of Sopwith's protest—the luffing incident which occurred after rounding the windward mark—could not have been heard, since, under an interpretation of the racing rules as they existed then, a yacht disqualified in a match race was out of the race and could not protest an alleged foul committed subsequently.

The second count of Sopwith's protest was the one most widely publi-



"RAINBOW" AT SEA: Of this picture, Vanderbilt recalls: "Rainbow has just filled away on the starboard tack. Her navigator, Zenoa Blise (in cockpit on right), is noting her course and the time. Forward of him three sailors are rotating the 'coffee-grinder' which used to

trim the jib and goose sheet on the large drum forward of the compass. The men behind them and up forward are lashing the backstay and staymill sheets. Note the strut on the main boom—part of the gear used to bend the boom to leeward to create a better air foil."

cized in the press; scarce news stories and headlines castigated Vanderbilt for his refusal to respond to Sopwith's luff. The incident occurred immediately after the yacht's rounded the windward mark. *Endeavour*, leading *Rainbow* by two lengths, bore away about two points below her course to the second mark in order to replace her quadrilateral jib with a genoa. *Rainbow* sailed straight for the second mark, having made her sail shift before the yacht's reached the windward mark. The result was that the faster-sailing *Rainbow* not only made up her two lengths loss but also acquired a slight lead when *Endeavour*, then nearly three lengths to leeward of *Rainbow*, luffed and began to sail about two points above *Rainbow* and the proper course to the second mark. In one sense, the incident and the repercussions which followed can be blamed on an imperfect right to luff determinative in the racing rules. Under the then-existing rule (it has since been changed at Vanderbilt's instigation) a yacht "within risk of collision range" (which *Rainbow* and *Endeavour* were) had no right to begin to luff above her proper course toward her opponent unless in theory she could hit her opponent forward of the mast during her luff. This

determinative created endless difficulties, because it made a yacht's right to luff depend on guesses as to the location of a future point of imaginary contact.

IN Vanderbilt's opinion Sopwith did not begin to luff until after he had lost his right to do so—until after the faster traveling *Rainbow* had overlapped *Endeavour* enough to make it theoretically impossible for Sopwith to hit *Rainbow* forward of her mast. Following the race Vanderbilt asked seven witnesses for their opinion—his five afterguardsmen, and on *Endeavour* her designer, Charles E. Nicholson, and the American observer, Charles F. Havemeyer. All of them agreed with him except his afterguardsman Sherman Hoyt, who, during the incident, called out, "Luff! Luff!" Vanderbilt was so sure he was right that he replied, "No, he can't hit me forward of the mast," and staked the race on holding his course—prepared to withdraw immediately and return to Newport if proved wrong. He sailed straight on, knowing that *Rainbow* was about to blanket *Endeavour*, thereby bringing the future point of contact further aft on *Rainbow's* side. He expected *Endeavour* to hold her luff (as is custom-

ary and was safe under the conditions) until her bow was close enough aboard to determine accurately whether or not she had luffed rights. But to Vanderbilt's astonishment, Sopwith bore away when the yacht's were still about 90 feet apart—a distance established by using the beam of the yacht's as a yardstick in a photograph (the still of a motion picture) taken from astern when the yacht's were closest together. Despite the fact that *Endeavour* bore away too soon to establish for either skipper the evidence he needed to support his case, argument arose from all quarters. Opinions were expressed—and vociferously—most of them in favor of Sopwith, since it seemed to be taken for granted that if the leeward yacht luffed, it was always the other's duty to respond. Much ill feeling against the New York Yacht Club and Vanderbilt was fanned by the sensationalist press coverage that resulted—such emotional reportage, for example, as Vanderbilt's second cousin, the reporter Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr., thundering in his column that "Cousin Harold" had endangered the lives of 60-odd men and that only Sopwith's decision to bear away even though he had the right of way had avoided a

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VANDERBILT STORY

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collision which the writer implied might have turned Newport waters into a mass grave.

There is little doubt, however, that the race committee deserved a certain portion of the blame for not calling a hearing and deciding the case on its merits. Actually, the committee itself had no leaning toward a strict enforcement of technical rules such as the failure to run up a protest flag promptly. In fact, in the first race of the series, to avoid a sail-over for *Rainbow*, in a race that *Endeavour* subsequently won, they postponed the start for 15 minutes entirely without authority to enable *Endeavour* to clear her main hall-yard, fouled in rolling in a sloppy sea, and hoist her mainsail—a gesture the race committee admitted later they would not have dared to make had *Rainbow* been in a similar predicament. Obviously, the race committee was leaning over backwards to keep relations cordial in the first race, and again after the fourth when, in their anxiety to avoid the unpleasantness of disqualifying the challenger, they took refuge behind *Endeavour's* failure to display her protest flag "promptly."

Vanderbilt himself was dismayed that the race committee had based its decision solely on "lack of promptness" and had failed to publicize at least some of the crucial facts. The instant he finished reading the decision, he realized it would react to his discredit and to the discredit of the New York Yacht Club. In desperation, and in the vain hope that perhaps time might remain to revise it, he asked Mr. E. Vail Stebbins, the member of the race committee who had handed it to him, if the original had been delivered to Sopwith. The reply was that Sopwith had indeed received his copy. The damage had been done. The Cup series continued in a haze of bad temper, the charges and countercharges flying.

In the fifth and sixth concluding races, *Rainbow* was a better boat than she had been at the beginning of the series. Her increased stability and Frank Paine's spinnaker work showed to advantage in both races, which Vanderbilt won by 4'01" and 55" to retain the America's Cup. But it was not a popular win, and there was little celebration. The sixth race was once again marred by the appearance of protest flags. They could be seen fluttering from the rigging of both yachts following a situation at the start strangely identical in almost every respect to the



AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT "ENDEAVOUR" (FOREGROUND) BEARS DOWN ON "RAINBOW"

fourth race. Once again Vanderbilt had to alter course at the last minute, but this time, owing to the proximity of the yachts, he was unable to turn toward the starting line, jibe and luff. Instead, he was forced to turn away from it, make a 250° turn astern of *Endeavour* in order to get back to the line, and in the process suffer a considerable loss. Vanderbilt had to face the fact as he approached the committee boat that he had lost the start, probably the race, perhaps the America's Cup because of a foul. He felt he had to protect the interests of the New York Yacht Club by displaying a protest flag to be followed by a protest in case *Rainbow* failed to win the race. His was the first such flag to fly on a Cup defender since his father's *Defender* flew one nearly 40 years before. *Endeavour* hoisted her protest flag soon after, for no apparent reason, since Sopwith never filed a protest despite the fact he lost the race.

In any case, Sopwith delighted the press as his boat crossed the finish line by sending a sailor up to hold his protest flag out from the shrouds so the committee boat would be sure to see it. At the finish line the captain of the press boat, noting the two flags fluttering, shouted down to the reporters gathered on the foredeck a modern-day paraphrase of the famed Spanish War order: "Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are protesting."

Vanderbilt overheard the press boat

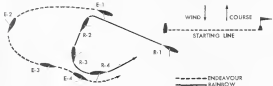
captain's remark as he crossed the finish line. He was not amused. A race is not protested unless a written protest is received by the race committee. Hoisting his flag was simply an indication that he reserved the right to protest if he elected to do so, an action he had no cause to take, since *Endeavour* won the race. In fact, he would have taken his flag down long before the finish had Sopwith removed his. Regardless of the fact that neither yacht filed a protest, the press reported the Spanish War paraphrase with glee, described Sopwith's crew members spreading out the red protest flag, and generally tagged the sixth race as a second protest race and a most fitting end to a turbulent series.

Vanderbilt is sensitive to the common misinterpretation of the yachting term "protest." He even campaigned, and successfully, against using Code-Flag B as a protest flag, on the grounds that its flaming-red field was an improper symbol for a protest. He wanted a more "innocent" flag substituted. "The word 'protest,'" says Vanderbilt, "has too many unfortunate connotations. I tried for a long time to get the word 'appeal' substituted for it in the rules, but yachtsmen felt that the word 'protest' was a term too long established to be changed. But an 'appeal' is what it is—just as in a tennis match sufficiently important to warrant a referee, if you think the marker has erred in naming a chase, you raise a hand to indicate to the ref-

AND WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

About three minutes before the start of the fourth race in the America's Cup series of 1984, *Endeavour* (E-1) and *Rainbow* (R-1), jockeying for the best start, were reaching away from the line on starboard tack (mainmast on the port side). *Rainbow* was trailing by about 300 yards. *Endeavour* circled left and jibed, bringing her mainmast on the starboard side (E-2). Since *Endeavour* was now on port tack, according to the rules she had to give way to *Rainbow* on starboard tack should their courses meet. Seeing this, *Rainbow*

turned sharp left without jibing (R-3) and was now in position to cut *Endeavour* off. As the two boats approached at right angles (E-3, R-3), it became obvious that *Endeavour* was not going to give way (see photograph on opposite page). She held her course and forced *Rainbow* to jibe abruptly to avoid collision (R-4). Even at that, *Endeavour* had to swing right to avoid hitting *Rainbow* (E-4). Both boats then headed for the start, with *Rainbow* backwinding *Endeavour* all the way to the line and getting off to a commanding lead



ere, who sits up there in an easy chair in the *deck*, that you question the call. There's no onus in appealing a call. That's why the referee is there."

Vanderbilt has the reputation in yachting circles of being a hard man with the rule book—a "sea lawyer" is the term yachtsmen use. It is true that Vanderbilt believes in abiding strictly by existing rules; his knowledge of them is so accurate and extensive that in his long racing career he can remember only one instance of filing a protest against another yacht without its being sustained by a race committee. But, though he believes in the letter of the law, Vanderbilt's main lasting contribution to yachting came about through his insistence that the rules of right of way were grossly imperfect, and thus subject to radical change. He wished to substitute, as he expressed it, "simple unmistakable right of way determinatives for those that were complex, mistakable and consequently argumentative."

The International Yacht Racing Union's right of way rules are patterned closely after the ancient Rules of the Road at Sea—the latter devised in the days of the square-riggers. They are subject to review by an international commission composed of representatives from almost every maritime nation. Though the commission meets from time to time, the Rules of the Road at Sea haven't changed in over 75 years. At the commission's last meeting, the Russians boycotted prog-

ress in their refusal to attend the meeting, which raised, if revisions were made, the bugaboo problem of what would happen if a right of way crisis arose in the Baltic, say, with a Russian sailboat.

Nor have the international yacht racing right of way rules changed to any appreciable extent. The International Yacht Racing Union, the governing body, has felt that the rules should adhere—for "uniformity's sake," they say—as closely to the vastly outdated Rules of the Road at Sea as possible. In 1929 the New York Yacht Club sent two of its members as American observers to a meeting in London of the International Yacht Racing Union. They took with them a letter by Vanderbilt describing the most important of his recommendations: that the starboard tack rule should be the predominating rule of right of way, and that in every case a yacht on the starboard tack—even when overtaking or sailing free—should have right of way over a yacht on the port tack. Vanderbilt was informed that his suggestion had been pigeonholed by the American observers on the grounds that the word "tack"—despite its then commonly accepted meaning to include yachts sailing free—could apply only to vessels close-hauled. Tradition often influences opinion; the origin of tack was the square-rigger phrase "tacks aboard," which meant hauling inboard the lower outer corner of the square

sails—the tacks—to enable the square-rigger to sail close-hauled. Thus, it was pointed out, the term "tack" should only be used in that sense in all yacht-racing rules.

It was against this type of opposition that Vanderbilt worked on the problem of rule changes intermittently for over 20 years, struggling against traditionalists who felt that changes would harm the sport and who seemed to wish to continue, as they had for years, to squabble over whether a yacht was "close-hauled" or "sailing free," "overtaking" or "converging," or whether or not she had "luffing rights," debating almost as if a yachting dispute was a tonic to them—like people who delight in conundrums. But Vanderbilt felt that the constant argument, backering and bad feeling—not only during the *Endeavour-Rainbow* series but everywhere yachts raced—was not a necessary adjunct to yachting. He felt that the violence of debate—and there were few scenes in the '20s and '30s as violent as yachtsmen arguing their protests before race committees sitting in judgment—was caused primarily by conflicting interpretations of the inconclusive right of way determinatives that the rules employed. It had even come to Vanderbilt's attention that the meaning and interpretation of the racing rules presented problems so difficult that not only had individual yachtsmen given up racing but a prominent yacht club near the Gulf of Mexico had voted to abandon its racing activities permanently.

Finally, in June 1936, Vanderbilt, in collaboration with Philip J. Roosevelt, president of the North American Yacht Racing Union, Van S. Merle-Smith, president of the Long Island Sound Yacht Racing Association, and Henry H. Anderson, chairman of the Race Committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, issued his findings in a pamphlet entitled *A Suggested Revision of the International Yacht Racing Right of Way Rules*. The pamphlet, the first of a series presently issued annually by Vanderbilt, was available on request and was widely circulated among yachtsmen. The rules suggested by Vanderbilt received their first practical test on Lake George when in 1941 they were introduced to the Lake George Yacht Club by its commodore—a pioneer himself—Harold F. Pitcairn, who introduced the Autogiro to this country in 1928. At the end of the racing season the skippers of

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VANDERBILT STORY

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the yacht club's 25 boats voted unanimously to use the Vanderbilt rules the following summer—the start of a trend that after a few years reached proportions that the governing body in America, the North American Yacht Racing Union, could no longer ignore. Faced with a split country using two totally different codes, with the union's own on the decline, the president of the union in 1946 appointed a rules committee, of which Vanderbilt was a member, to consider changing the union rules to conform to the Vanderbilt rules. In the spring of 1947 Vanderbilt was able to discontinue the publication of his annual rules pamphlet when the rules committee published a set of trial rules identical in principle with his 1946 issue. Both the trial and official rules were made available during the 1947 racing season to test their relative popularity in yachting circles. Over 6,400 copies of the trial rules were sold, while demands for the official rules sank to an embarrassing 55 copies, with the result that the trial rules became the official rules in 1948 and still remain, with but a few minor changes, the rules all yachtsmen race under on this continent today. The rules may soon be in worldwide use. Last November the International Yacht Racing Union, prodded by its Scandinavian members to adopt the principles of the American rules, appointed a committee to prepare the best possible set of rules.

THERE can be no doubt that the change has been beneficial to yachting. Had the new rules been in effect in 1934 during the *Endeavour-Rainbow* series, the episodes that led to the disputes would not, in Vanderbilt's opinion, have occurred. The new right of way rules leave no room for doubt. As it was, and perhaps to the ultimate benefit of yachting, the wide press coverage of the turbulent series graphically marked to what extent yachting was hampered by the inadequacy of its rules, and how sadly true is the adage: "There is no sport which makes one so mad as yachting." Yachtsmen found in Tom Sopwith a symbol of their own frustration when he vowed never to race in American waters again.

For Vanderbilt, deeply upset by the atmosphere of bickering and protest, the series was obviously a disappointment. It must have been with a deep sense of relief, not only for the opportunity to give Sopwith a chance for his revenge but for the good of yacht race-

ing in general, that Vanderbilt heard word in the fall of 1936 that the Royal Yacht Squadron—tempers cooled and the protest races of 1934 in the past—had challenged on Sopwith's behalf once again for the America's Cup.

Sopwith's new J boat—*Endeavour II* she was called—was a new and improved sloop especially designed at the head of her class by Charles E. Nicholson for negotiating the deep water, light breezes and long swells common to the American coast. Reports from England—the new boat raced there throughout the summer of 1936—indicated she was very fast, and the consensus in yachting circles was that none of the existing American J boats would stand much of a chance against her.

W.A.W. Stewart, commodore of the New York Yacht Club, tried to form a syndicate to build a new defender. He was unable to do so. In 1929 four syndicates competed for the honor of defending the America's Cup. In 1936, with the country in the depths of the Depression, no one came forward. Various money-raising schemes were tried with no success. The situation looked hopeless until finally Vanderbilt offered to meet all costs incurred in the building, outfitting and racing of a new defender.

Vanderbilt's decision, caused by his determination to see the America's Cup remain in this country, led to the construction of a yacht so fast that, rather than a boat for competitive racing, she was an ultimate conception—a miracle of design whose amazing performance led Vanderbilt to christen her "the super J boat." Her given name was *Ranger*, after the first man-of-war to hoist the national American flag and the first to receive an official salute from a foreign nation.

With his *Ranger*, Vanderbilt's self-imposed burden was heavy not only financially but in all other respects. The responsibilities of such an undertaking were so diffuse that as illustration it might be mentioned that the *Enterprise* syndicate, which successfully defended the Cup in 1930 (SI, Oct. 15), had to run a small navy to tend their defender's needs: the *Corvus*, an old yacht hull refitted and equipped to house the crew; Vanderbilt's motor yacht *Vero* used to tow *Enterprise* on long hauls and as living quarters for her after guard; the *Mad*, an old English 16-foot pilotboat, for marketing and ferrying purposes; and the *By-stander*, a 42-foot motor cruiser, for towing *Enterprise* to and from the starting line and to ferry sails from a good-sized locker built at the end of a

Newport pier—all these items mere accessories to the defender herself.

The problems with *Ranger* were simpler: the men involved had been seven years in J boats, building and racing them, and they knew when and how to cut expenses, in fact to the extent that the final cash outlay for *Ranger* was far less than it had been for *Enterprise*. Since *Rainbow's* crew lived aboard her, no *Corona* was needed. The cost of buying new sails was saved by using only those acquired from the *Enterprise* syndicate.

But nevertheless Vanderbilt's problems were commensurate with the size of the yacht he was building. He remembers how sharply the scope of his undertaking was thrown in relief during a conversation he happened to have at the time with Professor Albert Einstein, then working for Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study. As is typical in the presence of greatness, Vanderbilt remembers every detail of the meeting. It was a Sunday morning. He was led up a flight of stairs to a library in the back of the house. The mathematician was sitting in an easy chair smoking a pipe. At Vanderbilt's entrance he leaned forward to a low-lying table and brushed together a collection of papers covered with what seemed hieroglyphics and politely put them aside. Vanderbilt remembers how quiet the library was, and his surprise at leaving a Princeton side street to note that the picture window looked out on a vista of woods, a brook and meadows. The two discussed yachting, in particular the aerodynamics of sailing, and finally started talking—as owners are bound to do—about their own boats. Einstein had a little cat-boat he sailed on Peconic Bay, and he eventually revealed that his main problem with the boat was how to keep the expense of running it under \$100 a year. Both men must have realized the humor of the situation. If the problem stumped the great mathematician, certainly it was not one whose solution at that time was forthcoming from Mike Vanderbilt.

NEXT WEEK: THE SUPER J BOAT

"Endeavour II" appears and "Ranger" meets her; 1937 and the last of the great America's Cup races; Vanderbilt's retirement from racing; other pursuits

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REPORTS AND CONVICTIONS

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JOHN J. FINNEGAN

McSherrystown, Pa.

Sirs:

As a loyal Yankee fan I enjoyed reading about Casey Stengel, the most valuable part of the great Yankee organization,

but you couldn't possibly have been serious in your article, *Series Critique*. I don't know how you could have picked all three teams in the heated and tiring National League pennant race to defeat the Yankees in the World Series. The Yankees are a World Series club, and inevitably rise to the occasion around October 1.

You may have outstanding sluggers on the Redlegs, great pitchers on the Braves, agonized veterans on the Dodgers, but not one of the three has the balance and team play displayed by the New York Yankees during the 1956 season.

In your article you present the facts in a pretty picture, and you can't beat the facts; but, for that matter, you can't beat the Yankees, the epitome of teamwork in professional baseball.

STEPHEN SELTZER

Bethlehem, Pa.

Sirs:

... You did a brilliant job of previewing the Series, but your pick of any of the National League contenders over the Yankees was absurd.

BILL MUEB

Windsor, Conn.

Sirs:

... Your best prognostication was the illustration by Marc Simont. At the end of the show it'll be Julius Stengel again chanting, "Veni, vidi, vici."

JOSEPH H. FIRMAN

Claremont, Calif.

Sirs:

I read with utter disgust your anti-Yankee *Series Critique*.

An apology from Creamer and Terrell will be in order upon the Series completion.

KENNETH CAIRNS

Elkhart, Ind.

• "Baseball," William Saroyan wrote, "is caring." And no fan should ever

apologize for his convictions and no fan should be without convictions. — ED.

SAROYAN'S POETIC RAPIER

Sirs:

Each successive issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* becomes more and more like a museum piece in its delicacies, its penetration, its selection. Poetic in its quality, Saroyan's baseballad (*SI*, Oct. 8) is not only highly sensitive in its appraisal of the game itself, but rapierlike in its exposition of what baseball means to America.

ROGER POMEROY STONE

Hingham, Mass.

• See page 28 for Saroyan on the Series. — ED.

GARAGIOLA AT THE ORGAN

Sirs:

The *Great Drama: Last Act* was just tremendous. The highlight of the issue to me, though, was the picture of the defeated Milwaukee Braves walking off the field with the stadium organist playing *Que Sera, Sera*.

The organist is Audrie Garagiola, the wife of the Cardinal broadcaster and former ballplayer, Joe Garagiola, and she is famous to us for her music and humor.

When *Wally Moon* hit a homer, *How High The Moon* was the song she played. With the game going into extra innings she played *I Could Have Danced All Night*. During a big inning it was *Swanee* Wild. For Stan (The Man) Musial, she played *My Men*. If the Cardinals had a bad inning, she would play *Say It Isn't So*.

MRS. JOHN CRITCHFIELD

St. Louis

EARLY RECOGNITION

Sirs:

My faith in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has been fully restored. At long last the precocious, brawling brat, pro football, is actually

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



© Aloy



ANGEL FROM HEAVEN



ANGEL OF DARKNESS

RISEN ANGEL

Sirs:

The best way to show the transformation of Sal Magie from Brooklyn's angel of darkness (SI, June 6, 1955) into Brooklyn's angel from heaven (SI, Oct. 8) would be to reproduce Robert Riger's two fabulous drawings of "our guy Sal."

No two pictures of one man ever told two completely different stories as well.

BURT SAPERSTEIN

Brooklyn

being recognized as the youngster most likely to succeed (SI, Sept. 24 and Oct. 8).

Two pro features already and October just begun! This is heady stuff and we're drinking deeply.

JACK RIEHL

Colden, N.Y.

THE WOMAN WHO LED THE WAY

Sirs:

We Americans took Babe Didrikson Zaharias for granted for a long time.

But now she has gone, and perhaps it is time for the nation, and the world, to see this woman in retrospect in her proper place in the sports world.

In the humble opinion of this writer, she must be evaluated as the most influential sports figure of modern times.

I first saw Mildred Didrikson in 1934, when she pitched three innings for the House of David against the Kansas City Monarchs. How she fared that day is not so important as the fact that she was a lone woman engaging in a man's endeavor, and doing it well. She was, in one sense of the word, a freak, and crowds of curious people gathered to see her. In the 22 years which have passed since that day, millions of American women have become athletes, and crowds gather to see them perform, not out of curiosity but from a real appreciation of their skill, their grace and their rightful place on our playing fields.

Babe led the way. While we marveled at her records, she was busy demonstrating something far more significant: that man is the superior athlete in muscular strength alone and that our women have the dexterity and the inner spirit necessary to compete in and thoroughly enjoy participation in sports of all kinds.

Today there are millions of Babe Didriksons. Few, if any, will ever equal the original Babe's accomplishments, but every

one of them has the freedom and the conviction of the American public to try.

Babe Didrikson Zaharias unlocked the gates for the American woman to enter the courts, the links and the playing fields.

THOMAS H. GALEY

Tulsa

ENTER A TEXAN OF FEW WORDS

Sirs:

Thanks for recording the rapidly toppling motorcycle speed records as they toppled (SCOREBOARD, Sept. 17), but I wish you could have explained a little more.

The Germans Hertz and Mueller, plus a staff of trained engineers and a plenitude of equipment, backed by the world's largest motorcycle manufacturer (NSU of Germany), flew to Utah and set a solo world's record so high (\$10.6 mph) that we all assumed it would stand for years (WOMEN'S WORLD, Aug. 13).

Hardly had the dust cleared when Johnny Allen climbed into a Texas-built Triumph bullet and streaked off at 214.4 mph, topping the German factory team. The Triumph was put together in a Fort Worth motorcycle shop by a couple of American mechanics, designed by an imaginative airline pilot, and ridden by a Texan with few words and plenty of guts.

A handful of American hobbyists, with a good British engine, beat the best the world's greatest manufacturer could offer. This is roughly equal to a couple of neighborhood kids, helped by an indulgent father, working in their spare time, turning out a better car than General Motors.

The whole performance has me gasping for breath. How about you?

HAL SPIER

New York

● A breathless but firm Pat on the Back to Johnny Allen.—ED.

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Shreveport, La.	Seller Bros.
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Syracuse, N. Y.	Webb & Covert
Tellico, Ohio	Lantern Bros. Co.
Truy, N. Y.	Webb & Covert
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MANHATTAN Sportknit (left), with panther motif, in black (shown), blue, maize, navy, red, tan, winter white, about \$7.95.

ACRIL Sportknit (center), in black, blue, maize, navy, red (shown), tan, winter white, about \$6.95.

LACRKNIT Sportknit (right), with lace front in black (shown), brown, maize, navy, tan, about \$8.95.

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PAT ON THE BACK

MAJOR GENERAL JAMES BRIGGS

General Briggs, superintendent of the Air Force Academy, kneels beside the buck he brought down in the annual one-shot antelope hunt at Lander, Wyo. Before the hunt, in which each participant is limited to a single bullet, the general was inducted into the Shoshone Indian tribe at the reservation near Lander, had his rifle blessed by the medicine man and was given the Shoshone name of Bia Quia De Gu Hau, which means "teacher of eagles." After the hunt, General Briggs, who is a skilled target shooter, confessed: "I never shot anything on four legs before in my life."



DON ALLISON JR.

Beaming "Skipper" Allison proudly poses with his prize 125-pound catch—the largest of all the bluefin tuna taken this season at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, including those boated during last month's International Tuna Cup match in which his father participated as a member of the U.S. team. Skipper, a student at Harvard School in North Hollywood, Calif., is a veteran fisherman at 15 and has accompanied his father on several expeditions to deep sea fishing areas around the world. He is also sports editor of his school paper and breaststroke star of the swimming team.

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